THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

JUN 13 1957

THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

Colored Frontispiece, 10 Illustrations

A new idea? Look at your children's bookshelves and see how pagan the stories are. Here is a book of tales wholly juvenile, with the moral left unspoken, but with the ethical motive unmistakably what parents and teachers wish to implant. Stories of adventure in the night with thieves and highwaymen, stories of Indians, stories from historical tradition, and stories of pure imagination, animal stories and fairy stories, fables and legends, all bound together with one idea—that of making the Christian ideal life interesting, comprehensible, and desirable to children. Moralizing is so apt to be dull, do you say? Too true. Hence the very reason for this effort to make the Christian progress of even the littlest pilgrims the great, attractive, exciting adventure of life.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

MARY PROUDE WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK

Page 192

THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

COLLECTED BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

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THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

A handful of seeds to the wind
And then—bright blooms on the sod;
A handful of thoughts to the mind
And then—a heart turned to God.

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INTRODUCTION

"The Children's Story Garden" announces its purpose at once. Its stories have the direct aim of teaching ethics and religious truth to children. The theory appears to be prevalent that children's books should not be burdened with too much distinction between right and wrong, and that a story cannot have the primary elements of unity, sustained interest and surprise if it is based on religious faith or the love of God working in the human heart. This unfortunate tendency perhaps is a reaction from the old type of "goody-goody" or "Sunday-school" story which had strong claim to morals but very little to art. Any collection which will help to dispel the idea that stories which teach morals must be dull, we are sure will be gladly welcomed by both parents and teachers.

Of recent years the art of writing for children has blossomed beautifully, and among the juvenile classics that grown-ups as well as little people love, there has sprung up a host of books of great charm. Yet with all their delightful appeal to the childish imagination, there are remarkably few stories with any appeal to the ethical instinct.

The compilers of "The Children's Story Garden" began their work purely from the religious point of view. Parents as well as teachers in both religious and secular schools feel the great difficulty in putting abstract principles into language that a child can comprehend. Of course, he cannot grasp abstract ideas as such, but a story to visualize the principles to be set forth a child understands at once. Hence the search began for stories illustrating the ethical principles and religious truths that Friends wish especially to emphasize. In the end

comparatively few could be found already available and much new material was added.

It is not the intention of the compilers to make this a sectarian book. There are of course stories which show the reason behind some Friendly customs, but as a whole it is hoped that there is a fair representation of the simple virtues which lie behind human progress and Christian living.

The appendix contains the outline upon which the collection is based. It is added for convenience in locating stories to illustrate particular points, and has under each topic, besides the list of the contents of this volume, references to stories in other accessible books.

In addition to credit elsewhere acknowledged we are indebted to *Scattered Seeds* for permission to reprint "Wise Rightly, Wisest Wrongly," adapted from "The Jataka" by Frances M. Dadmun: "Grandmothers" by Alice W. Jackson, and the following stories written by members of our committee: "The Wasted Oak Leaf," "The Christmas Council of the Winter Folk," "The Mud Wasp," and "The Mistake;" and to *The Children's Friend* for "Billy's Accuser" and "The Obedient Kid."

Anna Pettit Broomell
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THE CHILDREN'S STORY GARDEN

THE WHITE FEATHER

"ALL that I can say, man, is that you are crazy to risk it!" Little Joseph Newlin ran to the door of the cabin to see who dared speak thus to his father. He thought he recognized the voice of a neighbor, Samuel Fuller, and was amazed to find that he was right. Samuel stood beside a cart, which was piled high with a queer array of household goods. Perched on the top, on a mattress, sat Samuel's wife and Joshua, their little boy.

"Hello, Josh!" piped Joseph, but Joshua only answered with an angry glare, very like neighbor Samuel's. Joseph was tremendously hurt and puzzled. He ran to his father, who glanced down at his son with his usual loving serenity. He continued, however, to talk to neighbor Samuel.

"I cannot feel as thee does, Samuel, and I am firmly convinced that I am doing right. For years we Quakers—and you, too, Samuel, thee and the others, have seemed to agree with us—we have said that so long as we ourselves acted and felt toward the red men as toward human brothers, they would not harm us. Now, at the first hint of danger——" (Father's voice made Joseph tremble and yet feel strangely proud) "thee and the others forget all you have professed, and flee in unworthy terror——"

"'Unworthy terror' indeed! Thomas Newlin, how can you say it! I tell you, Kentville was burnt to the ground last night—not a man, woman or child remain—and the red

savages dance their war-dance upon the ashes. From every side we have heard tales of murder and ravage. The Indians are on the war-path, and at any moment may descend upon Cincinnati. We are among the last to leave the town. The Hillers have just preceded us—'Unworthy terror!' You know not what you are saying!" Under the blazing and contemptuous eyes of Samuel Fuller, little Joseph clung close to his father's legs.

"Pardon me, Samuel, I realize well what I am saying. In Kentville the white people were fully armed and long ago roused the enmity of the Indians by suspicious, harsh treatment of their red brothers. Thee wastes words upon me, neighbor. Thy indignation grieves me, but much more it grieves me that we, of all the twenty families in the settlement of Cincinnati, are the only ones who will risk a test of our Christian principles. Do not think my wife and I have not thought of the danger our course involves. We are ready—so are little Sarah, and Joseph, here."

Samuel Fuller turned away with a look of speechless contempt. Then he paused again.

"Thomas, are you armed?"

"I am not—nor wish to be."

"You are mad!"

Joseph gasped and looked quickly at his father. With unruffled countenance the man stood gazing down the deserted street after the retreating cart, on the top of which balanced little Joshua. Anger filled Joseph's heart, and then all at once he felt unaccountably lonely. Though he tried hard to smother it, a hateful sob escaped him. Father leaned down quickly and gathered him into his arms.

"This is not the time to be sad, little son, but joyous and brave! Come, let us see what Mother and Sarah are doing."

Mother was spinning, and little Sarah was begging to be

allowed to go blackberrying. Berries grew thick in the pasture back of the house, on the edge of the vast forest that surrounded the settlement of Cincinnati. "Let me go, too," cried Joseph, forgetting his misery.

Mother glanced at Father with an odd, questioning look, almost as though she were frightened. But immediately the look vanished as Father said, "Certainly they may go, Mother. Listen, children; forget not at any time, if Indians approach you, to speak courteously to them, as to our neighbors, and invite them for rest and refreshment to our home. They are our friends."

"Of course, Father," piped Sarah, and the two children ran off merrily to get the pail.

In a very few days Joseph and Sarah became quite used to being without other playfellows than each other. The street, with its empty houses from which all the neighbors had fled, made them feel queer, so they spent much time with Father in the fields, or playing near Mother in the kitchen. Occasionally a white man, always carrying a gun, would hurry through the village, stop as if amazed at the sight of them, talk in low, excited tones to Father, and hurry on again. But Father was never excited.

One morning Father was filling the wood-box and had just entered the kitchen, when Joseph, standing idly at the door, saw an Indian step out of the forest across the pasture—and after him another and another. "Father, come see!" he called, and together they stood in the doorway and watched a long line of red men, painted, feathered and carrying curious knives, clubs and tomahawks, thread their way across the field.

"Wife, our red brothers are approaching," said Father quietly, and Mother came to watch with them, her hand on Father's arm. Sarah jumped up and squealed with pleasure at the bright glitter of the beads they wore and the tall feathers

in their hair. Joseph gazed at their dark faces and wondered why they looked so fierce and angry. They turned neither to right nor left, but came straight toward the cabin, each man clutching a tomahawk.

When the first Indian had reached the little patch of grass around the house, Father stepped forward, his hand extended.

"Good day, brothers," he said in his kind, courteous voice.

The first Indian stopped suddenly, and all back of him halted as at a signal. The leader glanced at the open hand, but did not touch it. ("That is rude," thought Joseph.) The Indian looked at Mother smiling a welcome in the doorway, and at little Sarah and Joseph. When the black eyes met his, Joseph felt a little tremor of excitement run up the calves of his legs and his backbone, but it was not fear. The Indian pushed past Mother, the whole line following, and they crowded into the kitchen. Their moccasined feet turned up the edge of Mother's plaited rag rug, and Joseph darted to straighten it, but Father laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

The Indian turned to Father. "Guns," he muttered very deep in his throat. Father spread out both hands: "None," he answered. Then with a gesture toward the best parlor and the stairs, "Go look."

The Indians trooped out of the kitchen into the hall, all except one, who remained standing at the outside doorway. Joseph set the rug to rights. Mother put wood in the stove and lifted the jug of molasses down from the shelf. Sarah stared at the Indian with fascinated eyes.

"Joseph," said Mother, "I think it likely that they are hungry. Bring the large loaf and the butter from the vault."

Joseph hurried eagerly, and by the time he had climbed up again from the vault with the butter, the kitchen was again full of Indians.

"IT IS THE INDIANS' SIGN OF PEACE," SAID FATHER

"Eat?" Father was saying questioningly, pointing to the bread and jug. Joseph was astonished at the change in the behavior of these men. Broad smiles spread over their faces, and instead of silence, they uttered queer, uncouth grunts and words that had no sense to a white boy's ears. One Indian grabbed the loaf and tore it to pieces with his hands, rapidly distributing great hunks among the others. Another seized the jug and poured the molasses on the bread, dribbling much upon the floor, as it passed from one to another. The neat pat of butter they bit into with their teeth as though it had been cheese. Sarah exclaimed at this in horror, but Mother silenced her.

And then—as suddenly as they had come—they were out of the kitchen and down the path. Mother, Father and the children hurried to the door to watch them go. Joseph thought he saw his mother wipe something from her eyes, and Father slipped his arm around her waist. At the edge of the woods the Indians, instead of disappearing, seated themselves in a circle on the ground. Mother stiffened suddenly, and Sarah asked, "Are the Indians tired, Father?" Father did not answer. He was watching them closely. One Indian stood in the center and talked excitedly, throwing his arms around a great deal and pointing often toward the house. Now and then he was interrupted by a chorus of grunts, in protest or agreement—it was impossible to tell which. As the little group at the doorway watched breathlessly, Joseph felt for the second time the shiver run up his legs and back.

The Indians settled into silence for a moment. Then one of their number—he who had led the line—sprang up and ran toward the house, a long white feather in his hand. The feather curved gracefully, and Joseph longed to smooth it. The Indian reached the doorway—his face was no longer dark and stern. "Ugh—brother—paleface," he said, with a large

gesture which Joseph knew was meant for one of friendliness.

Quickly and deftly the Indian stuck the quill in the crack above the doorway, so that the feather stood upright, beautiful and glistening white in the sunshine. When Joseph turned from admiring it, not a sign of an Indian was to be seen. The place where they had sat was deserted, and he saw only his father and mother holding one another's hands quite tightly. Sarah was dancing up and down below the feather.

"It is the Indians' sign of peace," said Father. "All red men will respect it. Even so they have respected the peace in our hearts, to which we have been steadfast."

PUBLISHING THE TRUTH

"SPRING—spring—spree-ee-ing—spring!"

It was late on a dreary afternoon in March. The sun had only succeeded in staining the bank of grey clouds a dull red as it sank behind them. The road that ran along the edge of the swamp was a foot deep with yellow mud; the fields on both sides were brown and lifeless, as though no green thing could ever push its way through the tangle of dead weeds; the winter had been long and cruelly hard, and even the bare trees looked twisted, as though tired of battling with the winds. But now the air was very still, with a curious hint of softness.

"Spring—spring—spree-ee-ing,"—very shrill and piercing the sound throbbed up from the edge of the swamp. A big Bullfrog plumped off a log into the water and, with a few kicks of his strong back legs, brought up at the stone from which the noise came. He stuck his eyes out of the mud and glared at a tiny, mottled brown and green frog about an inch long, who squatted innocently on the stone.

"Gr-r-unk—can't you hush that noise!" rumbled the Bullfrog deep in his throat.

For an answer the Spring Peeper (for that was his name) deliberately puffed out his yellow throat and repeated rapidly five times, "Spring—spring—spring—spring—spree-ee-ee-ing!"

The Bullfrog was furious. He tried clumsily to clamber up on the stone, but was still too heavy and fat with his winter's sleep, so fell back into the mud.

"Not true—not true—not true!" he gurgled in a great passion. "You know it—not true!"

The Spring Peeper never blinked an eye. The Bullfrog

noticed with helpless rage that the yellow throat was again commencing to puff—

A black Crow flapped low over the swamp on his way to roost in the pines beyond.

"Caw—caw—who said that? It's a lie—winter—winter—caw!" he cried hoarsely.

As he swooped just over the stone, the yellow throat swelled large.

"Spring—spring—spring—it's here—here," thrilled the voice.

The Crow snapped his beak in anger. "Lie—lie!" he screamed, and labored on heavily.

The Spring Peeper never blinked an eye.

A Weasel, sniffing stealthily along the water's edge for a clean place to drink, paused and sneered at the Spring Peeper.

"Shut up, you little fool," it snarled. "Winter will last for weeks yet, and there's fine killing among the farmer's chickens for a long——"

"Spring—spring—spring——" the Weasel was interrupted. It could hardly believe its ears. Who dared defy the Weasel—feared by every living thing! Madly it sprang toward the stone. Its feet sank in the treacherous mud and it had to leap back again.

"Fool!" it hissed. "Fool—fool!" and it glided out of sight, defeated.

The Spring Peeper never blinked an eye, and his yellow throat was puffed and full.

"Spring—spring—spring—spree—spree—spree—spring!" he called rapidly, over and over again, and then paused to listen. One star shone out softly over his head. Suddenly, from the silence across the swamp, a weak, uncertain voice answered.

"Spr-ee-ing," it faltered.

The Spring Peeper blinked his eye for the first time, and shifted his spreading toes.

"Spring — spring — spring — spring — spring—spring—spring!" he called, as though pouring out his little soul. The other voice took courage and answered more bravely.

For a while, as the stars grew brighter, they kept it up, first one and then the other. Soon a third voice joined in—and a fourth—and a fifth. They told the whole world that Spring was here. There was not an instant's pause in their happy, excited clamor. The Bullfrog and the Crow and the Weasel heard and held their peace. The trees and the bushes and plants under the ground heard, and the sap in their roots stirred gladly. They knew that the Spring Peeper told the truth.

ADVERTISING FOR A THIEF

Betty always loved rainy days when she was visiting at her grandfather's. Because for rainy days she saved the greatest treat of all the wonderful things there were to do in this country paradise. It was playing in the attic!

This afternoon a steady beating rain and a northeast wind made the dark September day an ideal one for poking behind the old chests and into the cupboards back by the chimney. Betty had been "pretending" some of the exciting parts of the Waverly novels. The gloomy corners, the deep chests, the closets whose contents could scarcely be seen, even the hanging strings of onions all helped in creating an air of mystery and romance.

Now Betty was ready to settle down on the deep seat of the little window that came almost to the floor, and read further in *Redgauntlet.* As she curled up, her hand felt a knob under the window sill. She pulled out a drawer which she had never found before. Inside were some small old calf-bound books and a yellow newspaper. Betty looked at the newspaper. Such a small sheet, and such heavy black type. Then her eye was caught by the curious words of the column headed "Advertisements:"

Whoever stole a lot of hides, on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere desire to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.

What an amazing advertisement! Just then Betty heard her grandmother coming upstairs to the attic.

"Grandmother!" cried Betty almost before that lady had reached the top step. "Listen to this," and Betty read her the strange advertisement.

Grandmother finished pulling out from a trunk the quilts that she wanted before she replied. Then she sat down on an old chair and said:

"I haven't thought of that for years. It is an interesting story. Grandfather and I put that advertisement in the paper."

"You did! Please tell me about it," begged Betty.

"Well, grandfather had been working on a quantity of valuable hides, tanning them with especial care. One night he thought he heard a noise coming from the barn, and he went to the kitchen door. But all he saw in the darkness was a man, staggering under a heavy load, entering the yard of the Townsend place. The next morning the hides were gone.

"At that time the tenant house on the Townsend farm was occupied by a wretched family, the father of which was so discouraged that he was drunk a great deal of the time and seemed perfectly worthless. They were really our nearest neighbors, and we used frequently to find their starved old cow in our young corn, tools borrowed and returned broken, and all manner of things done to annoy.

"So of course grandfather's first impulse was to go straight to this man and accuse him of the theft. But, as we talked it over, he suddenly decided on a different course of action. We knew that the wife and children were suffering from actual want, which we had tried in vain to relieve, and it seemed too bad to add this disgrace to their misfortunes. So grandfather determined to try putting this notice in the paper.

"We heard nothing of it for three days after the paper was out. Then, just after we had put the cat down cellar, and were about to light the candle for bed, we heard a knock at

the shed door. It was rainy and cold, just such a night as this will be."

Grandmother unconsciously patted the quilts in her lap.

"I felt certain instantly who it was, and, sure enough, grandfather opened to find our neighbor, hat pulled down over his eyes, hides upon his shoulder. For an instant he did not speak, then he muttered, 'I've brought these back, Mr. Savery. Where shall I put them?'

" 'Wait until I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee,' grandfather answered. 'Then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened.'

"While they were out I flew around, down to the vault for a pumpkin pie, boiled the kettle for coffee and got down a cured beef to slice. When they came in, I spoke up: 'Neighbor, I thought perhaps a bite of supper would be good for thee.'

"He was just inside the door, and I remember he wheeled with his back to me so quickly that I thought he was going right out. Instead, he leaned his arm against the door and buried his face in the crook of his elbow, and I declare I was frightened the way his shoulders shook and heaved. Grandfather motioned to me to keep quiet, and in a few minutes, without turning around, the poor fellow said in a choked voice, catching his breath as a child does after hard sobbing:

" 'It's the first time I ever stole anything. I don't know what's come over me, with the drink and the quarrels! I never'd thought I'd come to this, but now since I've started down hill everybody gives me a kick—except you. Yet how I hated you for the meals you sent to the wife and children! She's sick—they're starving. I stole the hides, meaning to sell them the first chance I got. Then I read your notice in the paper. What's the use——' his voice was smothered with those awful sobs.

"Grandfather's voice was just as gentle and friendly,

without a bit of that soft pity that would have stirred up the man's bitter pride.

"'Tonight begins a new life, my friend,' he said, 'Thou art still young and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not touch liquor for a year, and to-morrow I will employ thee at good wages. Thy boy can help earn, too, at least pick up stones in the south pasture. Forget the hides—that was thy first theft, and thy last. Come, eat now, and drink some of Mary's coffee. She will always make it for thee when it will help quiet the craving. Keep up a brave heart, man, for the sake of thy wife and children.'

"With that our guest sat down at the table, though at first he couldn't eat; and I left them, thinking he might feel easier with no woman about. When I returned he had gone, having finished what I had put before him. Grandfather said that he had promised solemnly, God helping him, to lead a different life if grandfather would only stand by him."

"That was a funny way to treat a thief," said Betty thoughtfully, her eyes on the overgrown little path to the Townsend place that could still be distinguished in the dark afternoon. "And did he keep good?"

"Indeed he did!" said grandmother. "He was our right-hand man for years. It seemed that he loved every animal on this farm because it was grandfather's."

"It's no wonder everybody loves grandfather," said Betty. "Let's go downstairs and find him."

THE LOST CHILDREN *

When they moved into the new house in the country, the children's father told them not to play in the woods behind the barn.

"It is a wide stretch of forest," he said, "and you might wander about for days."

"But we could always turn round and come straight home," said Roger.

"That is just the trouble," said his father. "It is almost impossible to follow a straight path in the woods. You would keep on going round and round. The only thing for you to do is to stay within sight of the house."

A day or two later Roger was picking flowers near the brook when he saw a glimmer of pink among the low bushes at the edge of the woods.

"That looks like Nannie's apron," he said to himself uneasily. "She must have run away. I shall have to go and bring her back."

It was a long run across the field, but the little pink apron was still in sight when Roger came to the path that led into the woods. Nannie gave a shout when she saw brother Roger. This was a fine game to play, and away she ran, while hot and breathless the little boy toiled after her.

"Stop, Nannie, please stop!" he called, but she would not or could not hear him, and they were soon quite out of sight of home. The path grew rough and was lost in a tangle of vines and briars, so that Nannie was glad to stop and let Roger catch hold of her hand at the foot of a great beech-tree.

* From *First Book of Religion*, by Mrs. Charles A. Lane. Used by permission of The Beacon Press, Inc.

"Now we'll go back," he said; but, alas! this proved to be impossible. Nannie's fleeing feet had dodged among trees and stumps until all traces of the path had been left far behind.

"Never mind!" said Roger, stoutly, "we'll find it in a minute." And Nannie trudged cheerfully along with her chubby hand fast in his.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and the woods began to seem chilly and damp. Roger looked at Nannie's thin cotton frock and went on a little faster. It seemed to him that they had been walking a long time when they came to the same great beech where he had overtaken Nannie. He was sure that it was the same, for a dead branch hung down from it, covered with dry leaves. It was just as his father had said: they had been going in a circle instead of straight ahead, and they were no nearer home than before.

"What shall I do?" thought Roger, his frightened heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, against his blue blouse. "If we go on, we'll tire ourselves out, and Nannie is too big for me to carry very far."

Nannie's weary feet were already dragging heavily along, and now she began to cry, sitting down in despair at the foot of the great tree. Roger dropped on his knees beside her. He was only a little boy, and he felt very weak and helpless. His mother had taught him to ask God every night to help him to be good: now he would ask that he might be brave.

"Dear God," he said earnestly, "help me not to get frightened, for that makes Nannie cry. And please show me the way home."

If Roger had hoped that the trees would open before him and let him see the way to go, he was disappointed. The wind sang softly in the leaves over his head, the birds were twittering in the distance, a tiny squirrel scurried across a fallen tree and sat watching them with his bright eyes; but nothing else

happened. Yet, somehow, Roger felt better, and the woods no longer seemed frightful, but only a big, green, happy place where little creatures could run about without fear. Roger put his arm around Nannie and comforted her until her tears were dry, while the sunlight glancing through the trees fell warm upon them both. Suddenly he remembered that every evening his father and mother watched the sunset from the front porch. His home then must lie between him and the sun, since the woods were directly behind the house and the sun went down directly in front of it.

"Come, Nannie," he cried joyfully. "Brother knows the way now. See the sun through the trees. Our home is over there. Let's go and find it."

Nannie had unbounded faith in Roger, and again they started off bravely. This time all went well. It seemed only a little time before they were safe at home again.

"I asked God to help me, and I tried as hard as I could myself," he said to his mother.

"That is the best way to pray, little son." she told him "God helps those who help themselves."

THE FLOWER THAT JACK DID NOT COUNT

One lovely morning in June, when the dew still sparkled on the grass, a little boy named Jack ran out into his mother's garden. He looked around him at the bright, fresh colors of the flowers—many different kinds blooming all so gaily. A cool, delicious fragrance hung in the air, making him think somehow of the woods, rather than of the sunny garden.

Jack's mother was gathering roses over beyond the sun-dial. One big bush had only small pink roses on it, and as Jack watched her cut them with loving care, he said: "Mother, why do you keep those little roses in your garden? The bush takes up lots of room, and they aren't nearly so pretty as the others."

"Oh, but Jack—just smell them!" she answered quickly. "They are Damask roses, and they grew in my mother's garden long before anyone cultivated the larger roses. They still smell sweeter than any other kind."

"But they are so little. I like flowers that you can see a mile off—real big."

Mother smiled. "Don't exaggerate, Jack. Little, inconspicuous flowers are often the most useful." She looked around the garden and sniffed that cool, delicious fragrance. "I've thought of a fine game for you, Jack. Count how many different kinds of flowers you can find blooming right now in the garden."

"All right—that'll be fun," Jack answered, for he had learned to count up to one hundred that year in school, and enjoyed doing it.

He started at the end nearest the house where the path led through the shady grape arbor. Here the cool smell was very,

very strong. Clumps of nodding columbines—pink, yellow and blue—were scattered here and there in the half shade. Jack counted them "One," and hurried out into the sun, where a long row of sweet peas of all colors clambered up the twiggy sticks that supported them. He especially loved sweet peas—so like little gay butterflies poised on slender stems. "Two." Beyond them flamed the most brilliant flowers in the garden, the scarlet bowls of the oriental poppies—each satiny petal with a black patch at its base, when you gazed down into it. "Three."

Then Jack came to a whole mass of flowers and counted rapidly. Iris with golden whiskers on their three drooping petals, up which the bees clambered; tall, white spikes of foxgloves—Jack stopped to stick a finger gently down several spotted throats; a bright pink patch of flat-headed sweet williams over which butterflies hovered;—Jack counted busily, wandering round and round the garden, until Mother, with her basket full of roses, called "How many?"

"Fifteen—and I've counted every single one!" He named them off to her triumphantly, glancing around the garden to remind himself.

"Fine! But I know of one you have missed," Mother said.

"Oh, Mother, I'm sure as anything I haven't! I've been up and down from the arbor to the sun dial three times. You tell me."

"I'll show you."

Mother led Jack back under the thick, shady grape arbor, and again he sniffed that cool, delicious odor.

"What do you smell, Jack?"

"Don't know. It isn't roses—or sweet williams."

"No. It's very near you now. Look!" Mother pulled down a slender branch of the grape, where Jack could see it closely. Besides the big flat leaves that were so useful in

making the arbor shady, there were several clusters of tiny green and yellowish things—Jack saw they were flowers with little yellow stamens, but he had never noticed them before.

"You wouldn't count *them*, would you?" he said in disgust.

"Indeed I would—I'd count them first of all in the garden. Smell that, Jack,—the most wonderful fragrance! Haven't you smelled the wild grapes in the woods? Doesn't it make you almost shiver with delight? But that's not the best of those little green flowers. Just wait. We'll come to the garden next September and see how things look."

Of course Jack was in the garden hundreds of times before September, but he didn't think especially about the grapes. One afternoon when the leaves were beginning to turn yellow and fall down, and the arbor was less shady than it had been, Mother called Jack to the garden. "Let's count the flowers again," she said.

"Nothing to count," answered Jack, running to her side. "Nasturtiums and cosmos and marigolds—that's about all."

"Where are all the fifteen you found last June," asked Mother, looking around her.

Jack laughed, for he knew she was only pretending to be puzzled. Hadn't she cut off their dead tops herself!

"Sweat peas torn up by the roots because they turned yellow as soon as the hot July sun struck them——" Mother went on, counting them off on her fingers. "Poppies dead down to the ground; however, they will come up another year. Nothing left of iris but leaves—nor columbines—nor sweet williams. Poor, old foxgloves all rooted up, though they've scattered little seeds here and there. Not much left now to show for all the gay colors last June, is there, Jack? Now come here a minute." She led him under the arbor and pointed up toward where the sky peeped through. Jack had just returned from a long visit to his grandmother, so he hadn't

noticed the arbor very lately, although some time before he had seen green bunches of grapes. Now he was amazed to see the big purple clusters, full and beautiful—and his mouth watered. The blue-black grapes were so swollen with juice that it would have been hard to slip the point of a penknife between them.

"We'll pick some for the table," Mother said, reaching up high above Jack's head. He ran to get a basket.

"Jack," said Mother, "you know this is what the tiny green flowers turned into. The other flowers were gay and showy for a little while, and then they were gone. But the little blossoms of the grape, that you despised so—see what they have made! You'll find it is often that way with people too—the quiet, inconspicuous ones do the best things in the world."

IN THE STREETS OF JERICHO*

THE way to Jerusalem lay through Jericho. The city stood in the valley of the Jordan, between the river and the hills, in the midst of palm-trees, and was great and beautiful. It was a place of business, being a station on an important road, and had a custom house where publicans took the toll and made merchants pay a fee for carrying their goods across the border. And chief among the publicans was a man named Zacchaeus, whose office had made him rich; but the riches of Zacchaeus had not made him respected. The publicans were everywhere hated by the Jews, because they were in the service of the Romans. The taxes which were paid at the custom-house were not spent, like our taxes, for roads and school-houses, but were sent to Rome to increase the wealth of Roman nobles. Accordingly, Zacchaeus, while he was one of the richest citizens of Jericho, was one of the most unpopular. None of the nice people, as we say, would associate with him.

When the news came to Jericho that the Prophet of Nazareth would pass that way on his journey to Jerusalem, even Zacchaeus heard it. All the people were interested in his coming, but nobody was more interested than the publican. He had heard that there was a publican among our Lord's twelve friends. There was a great crowd, however, in the streets of Jericho. The season of the Passover was every day bringing companies of pilgrims through the city on their way up the Red Road to the feast. When our Lord came, many came with him, especially from Galilee. For, in spite of the Pharisees, there were still good men in Galilee, who believed in him with all their hearts. Indeed, there were so many fol-

* From *The Castle of Zion*, by George Hodges. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

lowing him to Jerusalem that it seemed a little like an invasion. People whispered one to another—First Citizen and Second Citizen putting their heads together—that he was on his way at the head of his disciples to make himself a king, to meet the Pharisees and Sadducees who had threatened his life, and to drive them from their seats of power. All the more on that account were the men of Jericho desirous to see him. So the street which ran through the heart of the busy town was filled with a great multitude; all the windows were open, and heads were thrust out watching for him.

But Zacchaeus was little of stature. Go where he would along the main street, there was always some large, tall person between him and the middle of the road. He could not see. Any boy knows what he himself would have done in such a case; and Zacchaeus, man as he was, did just that thing. He ran along before the procession and climbed up into a tree. Then they came, the Lord, and the Twelve, and the pilgrims from Galilee. It was not much of a procession, for a boy. There was not a uniform, or a flag, or an instrument of music from its beginning to its end. All that the boys saw was a line of dusty men, in the dress of farmers and fisher-folk, looking very tired after a long journey. But the publican saw more than that. In the midst walked the Master, the Prophet of Nazareth, the friend of publicans. Zacchaeus looked at him with all his eyes, and with his heart also.

The Lord, too, was looking about him as he walked. He did not care for crowds nor for applause; he was never thinking of himself; he was always watching for an opportunity to do good to somebody. And as he went, he heard men hooting and calling names, and pointing their fingers at somebody who was standing in a tree. The crowd had discovered the publican, and were making use of the occasion to tell him what they thought of him. "Who is that?" asked the Master. "Who is that whom the people hate?" And one said, "That is Zac-

chaeus, the publican, the most unpopular man in town." So the Master came to the tree, and when he saw the publican, he spoke to him. "Zacchaeus," he said, "make haste and come down; for today I must abide at thy house." And he made haste, and came down; and received him joyfully. And the crowd stood in amazement. Then they went together around the corner of the street, the Prophet whom they had all come out to see, and Zacchaeus. And they all murmured. They said hard words beneath their breath. They went home and told their wives, growing more angry the more they thought about it. "He was gone," they said, raising their hands in horror, "to be guest with a man that is a sinner."

Indeed, it was a strange matter: the Archbishop of Canterbury comes to town, and, leaving the procession of the mayor and the clergy and the chief citizens, takes the hand of a notorious gambler and goes with him to dinner. What blank and black looks! For nobody could dislike a gambler more than the people of Jericho disliked a publican.

So they went into the house, and Zacchaeus stood and said unto the Lord, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Up to that moment Zacchaeus had never given a penny to the poor; never had he restored a dollar to any man from whom he had extorted more than his due. The hatred of the church people had but hardened the publican's heart. But the courtesy of our Lord melted it in a moment. And Jesus said, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." The sons of the father of the faithful, and members of the household of God, are to be found in unexpected places. "For the Son of man," he added, "is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The Lord, when he looked up into the tree, saw a man who was lost, and he left everything and went and found him.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

A VERY long time ago—in the eighth century before Christ—there stood just outside the walls of old Jerusalem a big smithy. Here Reuben-ben-Israel worked at his forge day in and day out. A very busy and happy man was Reuben, for he put his whole heart into his work; the tools and weapons which he fashioned were well-made and strong and his fame as a master-workman spread far and wide.

The smithy was a popular gathering place. The groups of men who stood within the glow of the great furnace were hunters, who came to buy from Reuben the famous spear-points and arrow-heads which added zest to the rare sport of the chase. Fighting men were there who watched the mighty strokes of Reuben's hammers while he beat out the weapons with which to slaughter the enemies of Judah. Even the great King Uzziah now and again visited the smithy, for keen was his interest in the work done: the forging of shields and spears, helmets and coats of mail for the host of Judah's warriors.

Money flowed freely into Reuben's chest and he gazed with satisfaction again and again at the bright coins which filled it near to overflowing. When he counted his wealth, he never failed to set aside a goodly gift for the Temple and Treasury and always on the appointed days he wended his way to the hill of Zion, there to enter into the Temple courts and worship the great Jehovah.

On one never-to-be-forgotten religious feast-day Reuben found his way to the Temple blocked by a great crowd of people—pilgrims who had come up to Jerusalem from every part of the country to offer sacrifices and worship in the Temple. Their faces all set in one direction wore expressions of earnest attention. Curiosity compelled Reuben to join the crowd and he soon perceived the object of their interest.

A young man of noble bearing and commanding speech was

addressing them—it was no other than the youthful Isaiah, who, from his early manhood, was recognized by every dweller in Jerusalem to be a prophet of the Lord Jehovah. Consecration to the service of the Holy One of Israel was written upon every feature of this young aristocrat, who was able to stir the hearts of his hearers "as the trees of the forest tremble with the wind." He spoke about a kingdom more worthy of man's loyalty than any human kingdom, even than Judah—a kingdom, which he said, "shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

"Come," he cried, "to the service of a King whose name shall be called 'Wonderful-Counsellor, Hero-God, Father-Everlasting, Prince-of-Peace.' Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, to establish it and to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from henceforth even forever. And he will judge between the nations, and will decide concerning many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Often had Reuben listened to the young prophet before this day, but now for the first time his words seemed a living force which gripped him with a power he could not resist. "Verily," said Reuben, "this man is the mouthpiece of Jehovah with a message to my soul. I have vainly endeavored to serve God hitherto by making instruments of warfare and destruction. Never again shall there be forged in my smithy any weapons whereby man wreaks death and sorrow upon his fellow-creatures. From this day forth, I make only the tools of peace, whereby with toil and loving kindness men glorify God. Swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. Thanks be to Jehovah—the mighty One of Israel—for the words of truth which He has revealed through the noble prophet, Isaiah of Jerusalem."

THE GOLDEN PURSE AND THE SEEING EYES*

THERE was once upon a time a poor wood-cutter who had two sons. When he died he left them only a small hut on the edge of the forest. They had little enough to live upon, but, nevertheless, every night the younger son took his blue porridge bowl, in which he had purposely left half his supper, and placed it on the door-stone for the elves.

The other, however, scraped his dish to the last drop. "This is what thrifty folk do," said he. "Some day I shall be rich."

Now the younger son went alone into the forest, one morning, to cut wood. He carried an apple and a bit of bread in his pocket. When he had done his work, he sat down to eat them.

While he was eating his bread he remembered that there was a fairy ring not far away. "Ah," laughed he to himself, "I have it! I will not eat my apple, but I will take it to the fairy ring and drop it there. It will make a fine feast for the Little People when they come to dance to-night." Then, because he had reached the fairy ring, he dropped the apple as he had planned.

Scarcely had he done this when a little wee man popped out of the fern. His coat was made of a cardinal flower and his eyes twinkled through ragged white locks, as the stars peep between silver clouds on a windy night. "Friend," he said, "the Little People thank you for your many gifts. One does not give a recompense for love, but the fairies themselves love you and they have sent you the best gift that they have. It is called the Seeing Eyes. It is an invisible gift, but it is worth more than wealth."

* From *The Bluebird's Garden*, by Patten Beard. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press Boston and Chicago.

EVANGEL
OL OF THEOLOGY

So the younger son thanked the little wee man and he hurried home through the forest to tell his brother all that had happened to him. All the way upon the path homeward he saw new wonders in the trees and flowers. It seemed, too, that he understood the song of the birds and the chant of the little brooks that he passed.

When he reached home he told his brother all that had happened. "What nonsense," declared the elder son. "Your eyes look to me just as they ever did! Why did you not make the opportunity to ask for a gift of value—one that could be seen? I would have taken nothing less than a purse of gold! Why did you not make the chance to ask for it?"

That night, when his brother set his bowl upon the doorstep, the elder brother put his out, also, for he decided to win the favor of the Little People, so that he, too, might have a gift.

Six nights he placed his blue porridge bowl on the doorstone and on the morning of the seventh day, he went out into the woods toward the fairy ring, with an apple in his pocket.

"If the little wee man speaks to me," he determined, "I will take nothing that cannot be seen. I will ask him outright for the Purse of Gold." And then, because he had reached the fairy ring, he dropped the apple as he had planned.

Scarcely had he dropped it than it happened to him as it had to his brother. The little wee man popped out of the fern. His coat was made of a cardinal flower and his bright eyes twinkled through his ragged white locks, as the stars peep between the silver clouds on a windy night. "Why did you drop the apple in our fairy ring?" he asked.

"It is my seventh gift to the Little People," replied the elder son. "In return for all that I have done, I ask for the Purse of Gold."

"So!" replied the little wee man, thoughtfully. "Well, I will give it you. It is really of little worth in the eyes of the

fairies. Content and happiness do not go with it unless you know its secret. There are many things that gold cannot buy."

So he gave the elder brother the purse and, scarcely giving thanks, the elder brother grasped it and turned toward the city that lies beyond the wood. He could not wait to see what he could buy, and if I should tell you the half of his possessions after he had reached the city, you might envy him.

Nevertheless, it did not take him long to find out that there are many things money cannot buy. He had no love, for that may not be bought. He had no content, for he was always thinking of his possessions and seeking new ones. He had no happiness, because he had no content—and he had nothing but the things that money can buy. He was very unhappy. He thought of nobody but himself from morning till evening and he did no good with what he possessed.

As for the younger son, he lived on in the little hut on the edge of the forest. Though he had no money to give away, all poor people loved him. Wherever he went, he carried the magic of the Seeing Eyes. All the fields, the woods, the streams, and the brooks were more truly his than his brother's, for he loved the grasses, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and understood them all. Surely, you need not ask if he was happy, for it is not everyone to whom is given the wealth of the Seeing Eyes.

IVAN OVERCOMES THE GIANT

THERE was once a giant who lived in a fortress by the side of the sea. This giant was a menace to the whole country, for he often came out from the fortress, and attacked the people. He destroyed their homes, burned their crops, and killed the young men. He sometimes captured women and children, carrying them away so that their families never saw them again. The giant was large, ten times larger than any man you ever saw. He was very, very strong, and his manners were so threatening and terrible that people quaked with fear even to look at him. He wore full armor, and always carried weapons of war, which all the more made him an object to be feared.

In former times people had been quite hopeless about this monster. He came out frequently then; later wise men began to talk of ways to overcome him. They said to each other; "His fortress is very old, no one knows how old; it must be ready to crumble to ruins." Some people proposed binding the giant with great cords, thus to keep him prisoner. Some had plans for destroying his castle, and many hoped the creature could be killed outright. But time went on, and after much talking, the subject was dismissed. As there had been no raid by the giant for a long while, people began to feel secure against him. It was even suggested that he was dead That was not true, for he was not even growing weak. He was apparently no older than at the beginning. Then it looked as if he were preparing for a more terrible attack than had ever been known before. Men noticed these preparations and were sick with apprehension of what was before them.

One day a family who lived near the fortress was startled by a great roar. The children clung to their mother's skirts

too terrified to cry. The father seized the nearest weapon, and stood ready to defend his family, but after a few minutes, the noise died away, and nothing further happened. Next day the man spoke to his neighbors and they agreed that the time had come when something must really be done.

"We should arm ourselves and go to the castle at night," said these brave men. "We may ourselves be destroyed, but perhaps we shall save others from a like awful fate."

So plans were made to gather a great army of the strongest and bravest men to attack the giant in his den and destroy him.

"I know a much better way to overcome the giant," said one young lad to his playmates. "It will be a great mistake if these men do as they have planned."

"Why, Ivan, you are not wiser than our fathers!" cried his playmates.

"No, I am not wise at all," returned the boy. "but I do know that their plan is wrong."

"How do you know this then?" asked the children again.

"I know because a voice spoke to me as I walked through the forest."

Most of his playmates jeered at Ivan's story, but some believed him, and told the story to their parents at home. Ivan talked often with the children who believed him, and sometimes older persons listened, too. Some said, "This child counsels wisely, perhaps he has heard the voice of God. Let us tell the King."

So they took Ivan before the King. The great monarch smiled at first when he was told about Ivan, but when the boy began to speak, he listened attentively.

"Tell me more about the voice you have heard in the forest, Ivan," he said encouragingly.

"It is the voice about which my mother taught me," replied the lad. "She said the voice of God speaks to us in the silence.

She often heard the voice, and one day it called her, and she went away."

"Have you yourself often heard the voice?" asked the King.

"Oh, yes Sire, I often hear it when I am alone. Sometimes when I cannot decide what is best to do, I go to the forest and listen for the voice to advise me."

Most of the people of the court laughed at Ivan's story, and the King himself seemed hardly to know whether to laugh or be serious, until a wise old man, who had been chief counsellor, said, "The child is right, this is the voice of God."

Still those persons who had made such elaborate designs for taking the giant by force hesitated to give up their way and try the plan of a simple lad, who believed the giant would not destroy any who approached him in a kindly mood.

"It is absurd," they cried; "the child is a dreamer. He is foolish, and we shall be overtaken by a great calamity if we do not use the surest means of protecting ourselves. What shall we do with our great army which has been prepared? The men will not disband until their homes are safe. This is a wild, mad scheme you propose. What, shall a child teach us what to do at such a time as this?"

At this the King felt uncertain, and he sent Ivan to play in the royal garden, until he should have time to talk with him privately. Suddenly a great cry arose among the people, "The enemy is coming! He has begun the attack."

Women and children ran for shelter. Men formed in companies and went out to meet the cruel monster. Fires were burning where once homes had stood. The men fought bravely. It seemed as if they really succeeded in checking the advance of the enemy, but, in doing so, they suffered greatly. Most of them were badly injured, and many lost their lives. The King cheered his valiant soldiers and urged them to be coura-

geous; but his own spirit wavered when he saw that the giant could not be slain.

"What shall we do? What *shall* we do?" he cried in despair. The King retired to his royal garden to think things over in quiet. "What *shall* we do?" he cried again, dropping dejectedly into a garden seat.

"Sire, why do you not listen for the voice?" asked Ivan, who had overheard his lament.

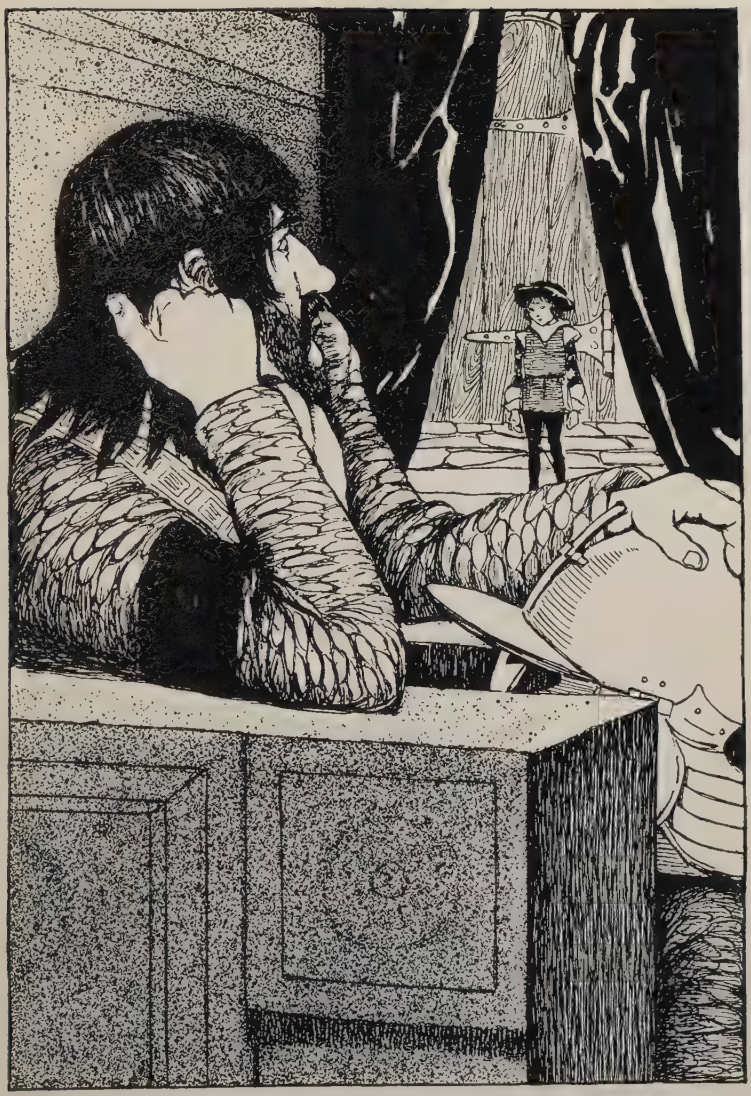
"Oh, are you here, child? I had forgotten you. Yes, I think I shall try your plan. Come with me to the forest."

So the King and Ivan walked together in the stillness of the forest. When they returned, the King's face wore a peaceful expression. He at once sent orders for his men to come to the palace. The wounded and desperate soldiers listened gravely to what their king had to say. "It is of no use," they muttered to each other, "the beast cannot be slain."

"No, he cannot be slain," said their leader, "but he can be overcome in another way. Lay down your arms and follow me. Ivan shall lead us."

The bewildered men did as they were bidden, and, brave men though they were, they trembled with fear when they saw that they were being taken directly toward the monster's stronghold by the sea. But Ivan led them on, the King following with his men. On they marched, past the ruined homes and deserted battlefields. Straight to the palace of the giant they walked, nothing harming them. At last they paused before the very door of the fortress. Here they were seized with a great fear, and would have turned back, but Ivan walked straight up to the huge door, and without even knocking, lifted the latch and swung it softly open on its big iron hinges.

"I will be with you soon, wait here," he said, and the King who was about to pull him back in terror, paused while Ivan disappeared within.



FEARLESSLY IVAN WALKED OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

The boy stood alone in a large room, the ceiling so high above him that it was lost in the shadows, only a little gray light filtering in through barred windows far above his head. At first he heard nothing but the beating of his own heart; then from a far corner came a sound like a groan of pain. Fearlessly Ivan walked out into the middle of the room. "Giant," he called softly. The groaning ceased. "Giant," he called a little louder. A roar which awoke the echo answered, "Who is there?"

Ivan's voice did not tremble. "It is only Ivan, and I have come to be your friend, Giant. Why do you moan?"

In the dim light Ivan could now make out the huge figure of the giant seated in the corner, his head bowed upon his knees. Ivan forgot everything except pity. Straight to the giant's side he ran, crying out:

"Oh, Giant, can it be that you are suffering? Will you not be our friend? Then we could help you."

The giant lifted his terrible face furrowed with pain and sadness.

The giant looked down on the little lad as though he could not believe his eyes.

"Lonely! I am lonely, Ivan," he muttered. "They all cannot harm my body, but how they can hate!"

Suddenly Ivan remembered the King and his men waiting at the fortress gate; if they could but see the giant now they would not hate him.

"Giant, oh, Giant," he cried in great excitement, "my people are at your door, ready to be your friends, if you will only let them. Why be lonely?"

At last the fortress door swung open, and the men outside, who had scarcely dared to breathe, beheld a wonderful sight. The giant, without his armor, stood in the doorway smiling, and Ivan close beside him held his hand.

THE TOKEN *

A SWEET little colored girl named Hazel Tyler had spent all of her eleven years in Boston with her father, a lawyer, and her dear, gentle mother. After her father's death, they had to live in a cottage that was cozy but very small, and her mother worked hard all day. Hazel was not very strong and as the hard northern winter approached, Mrs. Tyler decided that the little girl would be much better off to spend the cold months with Grandmother Tyler among the sunny pines of Alabama. Here she grew fat and healthy, gathering roses around Granny's little house at Christmas time, chasing her kitten and picking up cones among the little evergreen trees on the warm hillside above the scattered cabins, where the pigs and cows wandered peacefully all day long.

At last, in what northerners would call mid-winter, a touch of cold weather reached Alabama, and Hazel had to put on the warm new coat she had worn down in the autumn. The wind made her feel frisky and she ran gayly up her hill to a favorite little shut-in spot among the trees. She had never gone further in this direction before, but now she decided to explore and see what lay on the other side of the hill. Down she went, past other cabins, where dogs barked and strange little white children came out to stare at her. After a while she grew tired and turned to go home, but instead of one hill there seemed to be many, and the more she walked in this direction and in that, the more mixed-up she became. Being a sensible little girl she went to the largest of the frame houses,

* Adapted from *Hazel*, by Mary White Ovington. Published by The Crisis Publishing Co. Used by permission of the Author.

knocked on the front door, and said politely to the white woman who came:

"I'm Aunt Ellen's grandchild" (all the people called Granny Aunt Ellen) "and I've lost my way. Can you please tell me how to get back to her house?"

The woman looked at her curiously, then called shrilly to someone within, "Sister, here's Aunt Ellen's grandchild come to ask her way, and if the little nigger didn't knock at the front door!"

At the word "nigger" a hot flush seemed to pass through Hazel's whole body. In far-away Boston she had gone to school and played happily with white children and black; she went to their front doors of course, and never in her life had she had that hated word "nigger" flung at her. But Granny and her mother had both explained to her when she came South that here white people would treat her differently. She pressed her lips together and said in a dignified manner: "I don't want to make any trouble. If you will please explain to me how to get to Granny's, I will go." The ladies really meant to be very kind to her and had no idea how they were hurting her feelings. They took her into the warm kitchen, gave her hot coffee to drink, showed her three much-prized stuffed birds, and asked her many questions. They had known her father when he was a boy. They asked about him, exclaiming, "A nigger lawyer! That beats all!" Finally they called an old colored woman and sent her to show Hazel the way home.

That night by the fire Hazel told Granny the whole story, finally adding, as she hung her head, "They called me 'nigger.'" Granny's kind face grew sad.

"You's a hard road to travel, dearie, as you goes through life with your pretty face and your gentle ways. Shall I give you a token to keep in your heart as you go along the road? I learned it to your father and he never forgot it. Watch *how*

folks say things, not *what* they say. It's an ugly word. I hates it, too. But there's white folks as don't mean no harm by it. You fell into good hands to-day and I thank the Lord for it. There's those as might have spoken slick enough but as would have been rough in their hearts."

Hazel gave Granny a hug.

"I will forget all those horrid things, Granny," she said with a little sob. "And remember the coffee and the fire and that Miss Laura showed me those three poor stuffed birds."

Mike had a mussed-up tawny coat and only a stump of a tail, but he had affectionate eyes and a merry face. He liked to chase cats and he was interested in everything that passed on the street. His heart held one great love, and the most engrossing fights with other dogs or the most alluring scents down alleys never tempted him far from the home of his idol. Every afternoon Mike was waiting, listening for the step he knew, ready to bark out his frantic joy when HIS MASTER came home.

Among humans, his master was not a very important person. He was a clerk at a large draper's shop in London, or, as we should say, a salesman in a department store. Whenever there was a holiday, he took Mike and went on a long walk, and the Irish terrier was his best friend in all the world.

One day they took a longer walk than usual, and Mike was puzzled that he could not make his master as playful or as active as he generally was. Master seemed somewhat abstracted.

Next morning the house was in a strange bustle, and Mike was distressed at the feeling of something happening, he could not understand what. At last his master grabbed Mike up and nearly choked him as he said into his hairy coat, "Well, goodbye, old chap; I hope you'll be here when I come home again." And he went out; but in the opposite direction to the way he had always started before.

Mike realized that something unusual had happened, so he was not entirely surprised when his master did not come home that night. He could not, of course, understand the talk of the people that "It's *Private Brown* now, and he's on the road to France." Mike played less gaily with the other dogs

for a day or two, and waited a little longer in the evenings. Then he just waited all day.

One day, as he waited, he thought very hard. He wasn't very used to thinking, and it was rather difficult for him. At last his conclusions were something like this: "Master has gone away somewhere. He didn't want to go. He must need me. I will go to him."

When the landlady called him for supper, Mike had disappeared, and no amount of whistling or searching brought him back.

He started off in the direction that his master had taken, but so many people had passed by in the days since, that the scent was lost. However Mike remembered noticing it the day after his master left, going toward a place they had visited together recently. This place was a big field with tents in one end, and lots and lots of men, who often marched about like a parade. Mike went there, though it was a long trip, beyond the outskirts of London. When he arrived in camp, for such it was, he hoped that he would see his master right away. He took a general look all about, but could find no trace of Private Brown. It was dark, so he found a warm corner and slept undisturbed.

The next day Mike started in to make a thorough search. It was very discouraging all morning. Mike had about decided to make his way back to the camp kitchen in pursuit of dinner, when all at once a sudden whiff made him scurry round and round, ears flapping, tail pumping up and down, and uttering little barks of excitement. Yes, his master had really been here; right on the edge of the parade ground his feet had passed. The scent was fresh enough to be unmistakable. He was on his trail at last!

Mike became much more cheerful. He was very pleasant to the cook and got a good dinner. Later in the day, in one of

the tents he found the cot that his master had used, and at once jumped up on it and had a good nap. When the new recruit came in after drill and found Mike on his bed, he played with him, and fondled him and urged him to stay. Mike understood his kind offers, and did his best to explain matters. "You see," Mike tried to say, "my master needs me, and I must go to him. He's been here quite recently, and, if I hurry, I can find him. Thank you, but I cannot wait."

Off Mike started again. His master was not in camp now: which way had he gone? Uncertainly Mike followed a scent that seemed to accompany his master's, as it left camp and passed along a winding road. Yes, hurrah, here and there a faint trace of Private Brown, and once so plain that Mike knew he wasn't far ahead. For days Mike traveled on, and could not quite catch up. At last he came upon a good-sized town by the edge of the sea. This must be the end of his journey. He was sure that he was finding his master now. He hurried along. And then—and then—the trail led him out on a great pier running into the water, and stopped!

Mike's stump of a tail slowly drooped and his head hung down dejectedly. He lay down by that last fresh smell and felt almost completely disheartened. "He's gone away on the big water. I can never find him now. Shall I go home to London again? I've come such a long way; and he isn't here!"

It was indeed a long way. Mike had come seventy-six miles to Folkestone, where the troops embarked for France. Mike lay in a heap of discouragement for some time. Then he jumped up, shook himself, and with his usual cheerful air, hunted for a sleeping place.

"Of course," he said to himself, "it's quite plain my master still needs me, so of course I shall go. There'll be a way."

In a couple of days a great ship warped in beside the pier. Troops that had been gathering in the town began to board

her. Mike suddenly recognized the recruit from camp. He would go with him in the big boat! But before the ship sailed, the first mate saw Mike, and shouting, "You can't bring your dogs along!" threw him ashore again. There was no other chance to get aboard, so Mike resolved to wait for a more agreeable first mate. "I hope Master knows that of course I shall not fail him," he thought.

There was a great deal of hurry and confusion when the next boat was loading, and Mike was kicked about so that he just could not keep aboard, and found himself left behind when she sailed. Altogether it was two weeks before he succeeded in establishing himself on one of the transports. He worked his way into the captain's good graces by catching a large rat in the hold of the ship. Then the captain made him a nice bed and said he was going to keep him. But Mike said to himself, "He doesn't understand. I have an important duty. I *must* go to my master." And Mike slipped away as soon as the ship made fast at Boulogne.

Boulogne was the strangest place Mike had ever seen. There was not a familiar smell or sound or look. Mike felt more lost than he had ever felt before in his life. He was lonely and homesick. He wondered if he would better look up that captain again. He could find no sign of Private Brown. Why should his master come to such a queer place anyhow? But he did not go back to look for the captain after all.

"If my master had to come here, he needs me more than ever, so I'll find him," he said.

One day Mike found a camp, somewhat like the one in England, where there were English soldiers, and where he heard a real English whistle. This was such a relief that Mike rested there for some time, but always looking for some sign that would tell him of Private Brown.

It was three weeks before he found any, and then, when taking an exploring trip some distance away from camp, he sud-

ANGELICAL

denly came upon that longed-for, almost despaired-of, signal. Mike was so overjoyed that he frisked, he barked, he rolled on his back, and started right down the road, with never a good-bye to camp.

There were all sorts of strange French dogs along his way. Some growled and snapped and wanted to pick a fight. It was hard for Mike to resist that, but he flung back at them as he continued on his road, "I've more important business than attending to you fellows. My master needs me, and I'm going to him. Perhaps some day I can come back and settle things."

A few of the dogs wanted to make friends, but these he hardly had time to notice.

Mile after mile, and mile after mile Mike travelled. Rain did not stop him, nor his curiosity about unfamiliar things, nor weariness. His trail was good, and he must follow before he lost it.

In a couple of days a roar and a booming grew more and more noticeable. It sounded a good deal like thunder. Mike had always had a marked dislike for thunder. But his master had certainly gone this way, so Mike went, too.

And then, at last, the great day came! In a dilapidated French town, at the doorway of a half-ruined house, Mike found his hero, and Private Brown could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Is that Mike?" he had yelled as he caught sight of the dog hurrying gaily down the street. A moment later it was hard to tell which was dog and which was man.

"Oh Mike," whispered Private Brown into Mike's ear, "you're the first thing I've seen that looks like home!"

"Well, you see I knew you wanted me, so I came," answered Mike as he licked his master's face all over several times.

Private Brown was the proudest and the happiest man in Armentières that day, and Mike stayed with him until the end of the war as mascot of the regiment.

WHAT BRADLEY OWED *

THERE was once a boy whose name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley Winks when he was young, because he was such a tiny little thing. When he was about eight years old he had already got into the bad habit of thinking of everything as worth so much money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal, it did not seem to him to be of any value at all.

Now this was rather foolish of him, for there are a great many things that money cannot buy, which do not have any price at all. Money cannot buy the very best things in the world, as you will soon see.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast, he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written:

Mother owes Bradley:

For running errands	25 cents
For being good	10 cents
For taking music lessons	15 cents
Extras	5 cents
Total that Mother owes Bradley	55 cents

His mother smiled when she read that, but she did not say anything. When lunch came she put the bill on Bradley's plate with the 55 cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money, and he thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw that there was another

* From *Children's Story Sermons*, by Dr. H. T. Kerr. Used by permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company.

piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And, when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother. This is the way it read:

Bradley owes Mother:

For being good to him	nothing
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever	nothing
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings	nothing
For his meals and beautiful room	nothing
Total that Bradley owes Mother	nothing

Now what do you think that boy did when he read these words? Do you think he put the 55 cents in his pocket and went off whistling? I am sure you know better than that. No—the tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, and he placed his hand with the 55 cents in her hand, and said, "Take the money all back, mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

THE INVINCIBLE LEADER

"TELL me a story about when you were a great soldier. Tell me about one of the battles you won," said a little boy to his grandfather.

The old man had been a colonel in the Austrian army for many years and could recount fierce tales of conquest by his troops. But today he shook his head as he took the boy upon his knee.

"I will tell you, instead," he said, "of the greatest battle I ever lost, which was won by braver men than mine."

The little boy was astonished, for he thought that his grandfather's soldiers were the bravest in the world. So he listened eagerly.

"I was commanded," the old colonel began, "to march against a little town in the Tyrol and lay siege to it. We had been meeting stubborn resistance in that part of the country, but we felt sure that we should win because all of the advantages were on our side. My confidence, however, was arrested by a remark from a prisoner we had taken. 'You will never take that town,' he said, 'for they have an Invincible Leader.'

"'What does the fellow mean?' I inquired of one of my staff. 'And who is this leader of whom he speaks?'

"Nobody seemed able to answer my question, and so in case there should be some truth in the report, I doubled preparations.

"As we descended through the pass in the Alps, I saw with surprise that the cattle were still grazing in the valley and that women and children—yes, and even men—were working in the fields.

"'Either they are not expecting us, or this is a trap to catch us,' I thought to myself. As we drew nearer the town we passed people on the road. They smiled and greeted us with a friendly word, and then went on their way. So friendly was their attitude toward us, and so different from the usual reception given us, that my soldiers forgot they were under discipline and returned the greeting.

"Finally we reached the town and clattered up the cobble-paved streets—colors flying, horns sounding a challenge, arms in readiness. The forge of the blacksmith shop was glowing, and the smith left it to stand in the door with a number of others to watch us pass. Suddenly he waved to one of my soldiers and I heard him exclaim, 'I knew that fellow when we were boys together at Innsbruch!'

"Women came to the windows or doorways with little babies in their arms. Some of them looked startled and held the babies closer, then went quietly on with their household tasks without panic or confusion. As for the boys—little fellows like you, my son," the old man cuddled the boy in his arms; "they made us feel as though we were taking part in a glorious parade for their special amusement. They swarmed after us, whooping with delight and asking innumerable questions about the weapons we carried. Apparently they had never seen guns and swords before.

"It was impossible to keep strict discipline, and I began to feel rather foolish. My soldiers answered the questions of the children, and I saw one old warrior throw a kiss to a little golden-haired tot on a doorstep. 'Just the size of my Lisa,' he muttered.

"Still no sign of an ambush. We rode straight to the open square on which faced the town hall. Here, if anywhere, resistance was to be expected. This is what we found. The door of the beautiful old building was wide open. Pigeons

flew up from the grass around the fountain as we approached. No cannon or barricade was in sight, and my regiment, as it poured into the square, looked out of place.

"Just as I had reached the hall and my guard was drawn up at attention, an old white-haired man, who by his insignia I surmised to be the mayor, stepped forth, followed by ten men in simple peasants' costume. They were all dignified and unabashed by the armed force before them—the most terrible soldiers of the great army of Austria."

"And what did this old man say, in the face of your guns and your cannon?" asked the little boy breathlessly.

"He walked down the steps, straight to my horse's side, and with hand extended, cried, 'Welcome, brother!' One of my aides made a gesture as if to strike him down with his sword, but I saw by the face of the old mayor that this was no trick on his part.

" 'Where are your soldiers?' I demanded.

" 'Soldiers? Why, don't you know we have none!' he replied in wonderment, as though I had said, 'Where are your giants?' or 'Where are your dwarfs?'

" 'But we have come to take the town.'

" 'Well, no one will stop you.'

" 'Are there none here to fight?'

"At this question, the old man's face lit up with a rare smile that I will always remember. Often afterwards, when engaged in bloody warfare, I would suddenly see that man's smile—and somehow, I came to hate my business. His words were simply:

" 'No, there is no one here to fight. We have chosen Christ for our Leader, and he taught men another way.' "

"What did you do then, grandfather?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Do you know, son," the old soldier answered, "there

seemed nothing left for us to do but to ride away, leaving the town unmolested. It was impossible to take it. If I had ordered my soldiers to fire on those smiling men, women and children, I knew they would not have obeyed me. Even military discipline has its limits. Could I command the grisly soldier to shoot down the child who reminded him of his Lisa? I reported to headquarters that the town had offered unassailable resistance, although this admission injured my military reputation. But I was right. We had literally been conquered by these simple folk who followed implicitly the leadership of Jesus Christ."

THE SILVER MINE *

In a small village of Sweden there were once five men who went on a moose hunt. One of them was the parson; two were soldiers, named Eric and Olaf Swärd; the fourth man was the innkeeper and the fifth was a peasant named Israel Per Persson.

These men were good hunters who usually had luck with them; but that day they wandered long and far without getting anything. They grew much discouraged and had sat down to talk when the parson saw something that glittered where he had kicked away a moss-tuft. He picked up a sliver of stone that came with the moss and it shone exactly like the other. "It can't be possible that this stuff is lead," said he. Then the others sprang up and scraped away the turf with the butt end of their rifles. When they did this they saw plainly that a broad vein of ore followed the mountain. "What do you think this might be?" asked the parson. The men chipped off bits of stone and bit into them. "It must be lead, or zinc at least," said they. "And the whole mountain is full of it," added the innkeeper.

The clergyman and his companions were very happy; they fancied that now they had found that which would give them wealth. "I'll never have to do any more work," said one. "Now I can afford to do nothing at all the whole week through, and on Sundays I shall drive to church in a golden chariot!" They put back the moss-tuft to conceal the vein of ore. Then they carefully noted where the place was, and on the way

* Condensed from *The Girl from the Marsh Croft*, by Selma Lagerlöf Used by permission of Doubleday, Page and Company.

home agreed that the parson should travel to Falun to ask the mining expert what kind of ore this was. He was to return as soon as possible, and until then they promised one another not to reveal to a single soul where the ore was to be found.

Then the parson departed with a few samples of ore in his pocket. He was just as happy in the thought of being rich as the others were. He would rebuild the parsonage and have a comfortable living. After driving two days he reached Falun and showed his bits of ore to the expert there.

"No, it's not lead," said the mineralogist.

"Perhaps it's zinc, then," said the parson.

"No, nor zinc, either."

The parson thought that all the hope within him sank. He had not been so depressed in many a long day.

"Have you many stones like this in your parish?" asked the mineralogist.

"We have a whole mountain full," said the parson.

Then the mineralogist came up closer, slapped the parson on the shoulder, and said, "Let us see that you make such good use of this that it will prove a blessing both to you and to the country, for it is silver."

* * * * * * *

When the parson reached home again, he went first to tell his partners of the value of their find. Stopping at the innkeeper's gate, he noticed that evergreen was strewn all up the path to the door. "Who has died in this place?" he asked of a boy who was leaning against the fence.

"The innkeeper himself," answered the boy. "He had drunk himself full of brandy every day for a week. He said he had found a mine, and was very rich. He should never have to do anything now but drink, he said. Last night, he drove off, full as he was, and the wagon turned over and he was killed."

When the parson heard this, he drove homeward, much distressed, instead of being so happy over his good news, as he had been before. When he had driven a few paces, he saw Israel Per Persson walking along. Him he would cheer at once with the good news that he was a rich man. But when Per Persson heard that the ore was silver he began looking more and more mournful.

"Oh, is it silver?" he said again.

"Why, of course it is silver," replied the parson. "I would not deceive you. You must not be afraid of being happy."

"Happy!" said Per Persson. "Should I be happy? I believed it was only glitter that we had found, so I thought it would be better to take the certain for the uncertain. I have sold my share to Olaf Swärd for a hundred dollars." He was desperate, and when the parson left him, he stood on the highway and wept.

When the clergyman got back to his home, he sent a servant to tell Olaf and Eric that it was silver they had found. He thought he had had enough of spreading the good news himself. In the evening as he thought the whole matter over, he decided, "I will dream no more of bringing glory and profit to myself with these riches; but I can't let the silver lie buried in the earth! I must take it out, for the benefit of the poor and needy. I will work the mine, to put the whole parish on its feet."

So one day the parson went out to see Olaf Swärd, to ask him and his brother as to what should be done immediately with the silver mountain. When he came to the barracks, what was his amazement and grief to hear that Olaf and his brother had had such violent quarrels about the silver that Eric had been killed and Olaf was being sent away for long years of punishment.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

"Promise me," said Olaf to the parson, "that you will watch over my children, and never let them have any portion of that which comes from the mine." The parson staggered back a step and was dumb. "If you do not promise, I cannot go in peace," said the prisoner.

"Yes," said the parson, slowly, "I will do as you ask."

On the way home he thought of the wealth which he had been so happy over. Was it really true that the people in this community could not stand riches? Already four were ruined, who hitherto had been dignified and excellent men. He pictured to himself how this silver mine would destroy one after another of the whole community. Was it fitting that he, who had been appointed to watch over these poor human beings' souls, should let loose upon them that which would be their destruction?

He called the peasants together to vote. He reminded them of all the misfortunes which the discovery of the mountain had brought upon them, and he asked them if they were going to let themselves be ruined or if they would save themselves. Then he told them that they must not expect him, their spiritual adviser, to help on their destruction. Now he had decided not to reveal to anyone where the silver mine was, and never would he himself take riches from it. If they wished to continue their search for the mine and wait upon riches, then he would go so far away that no hearsay of their misery could reach him. But if they would give up thinking about the silver mine, and be as before, he would remain with them. "Whichever way you may choose," said the parson, "remember this, that, from me, no one shall ever know anything about the silver mountain."

And the peasants decided that the parson should go to the forest and conceal the vein of ore with evergreen and

stone, so that no one would be able to find it—neither themselves nor their posterity.

Long after, the land of Sweden was in great danger, and the parson thought it would be right to offer the King the secret of the mountain, that its wealth might be used for the defense of the realm. When the King heard all the story, "You must let the mine lie in peace," he said.

"But if the kingdom is in danger?" asked the parson.

"The kingdom is better served with men than with money," answered the King.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE*

"WHERE do *you* suppose he went?" inquired the Dragon-fly Grub as he watched the Frog swim to the top of the pond and suddenly disappear.

"I don't know and I don't care," replied a saucy Minnow whose whole object in life was getting enough to eat and having a good time.

The poor little Grub looked crest-fallen. He had spent a great deal of time pondering on this subject and he could not understand why his companions were not equally curious.

"Why don't you ask him when he comes back?" suggested an elderly Eel who had been listening to the conversation.

Now in the pond world the Frog is a very important and dignified personage and the little Grub had never been able to muster up courage to speak to him. But today, he determined to be very brave. He waited patiently until—splash—there was a great disturbance and the Frog came swimming back.

"Mr. Frog, please, Mr. Frog," called the Grub, "there is something I *must* ask you."

The Frog stopped swimming and turned his great goggle eyes in the direction of the Grub. "Indeed," said he, "Proceed!"

"Mr. Frog, what is there beyond the world?" stammered the Grub, so scared he could scarcely speak.

"What world do you mean?" inquired the Frog.

"*This* world, of course—our world," answered the Grub.

"This *pond*, you mean," sneered the Frog.

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* Adapted from *Parables From Nature*, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

"I mean the place we live in, whatever you may choose to call it," cried the Grub. "I call it the world."

"Oh, do you?" rejoined the Frog. "Well, then, what do you call the place you don't live in, up there beyond your world, eh?"

"That's just what I'm asking you," retorted the Grub.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Frog in his most pompous manner. "It's dry land."

"But what's dry land?"

The poor Frog was really nonplussed, for he did not know how to answer. So he said in a very condescending manner, "Of all the inquisitive creatures I ever met, you certainly are the most troublesome. Dry land is something like the mud at the bottom of this pond, only it isn't wet, because there isn't any water."

"No water!" interrupted the Grub. "Well, what is there then?"

"They call it air," said the Frog, "and if you've never been there, I can't make you understand what it's like. It's more like *nothing* than anything else."

The poor little Grub was more confused than ever and he looked so downcast that the Frog took pity on him and said, "You are a very silly fellow not to be satisfied with the experience of others. But as I rather admire your spirit, I will make you an offer. If you choose to take a seat on my back, I will carry you up to dry land and let you see for yourself what it's like."

The Grub climbed joyfully on the Frog's back and the Frog swam gently upward till he reached the bulrushes by the water's side.

"Hold fast," cried the Frog as he clambered up on the bank and got upon the grass.

"Now, then, here we are!" exclaimed he. "What do you think of dry land?"

But no one spoke in reply.

"Halloo! gone?" he continued; "that's just what I was afraid of. Perhaps he'll climb up by himself. I'll wait here and see."

But the Grub, meanwhile? The moment he reached the surface of the water a terrible sensation had come over him and he reeled off the Frog's back, panting and struggling for life. It was several seconds before he recovered himself.

"Horrible," cried he when he got his wits together. "Beyond this world there is nothing but Death. Mr. Frog has deceived me."

He contented himself for the present therefore, with telling his friends what he had done, and where he had been. Now that he had really had a thrilling experience he found a great many eager to hear about it.

That evening, as the Grub was returning from a ramble among the water plants, he suddenly encountered his friend, the yellow Frog.

"You here!" cried the startled Grub, and was about to tell the Frog what he thought of him for deceiving him about the World Beyond when the Frog interrupted with, "Why didn't you sit fast as I told you?"

They would soon have had a serious quarrel if the Frog had not suggested that the Grub tell his story and show why he had been so clumsy as to fall off.

The story was soon told. "And, now," said the Grub in conclusion, "as it is certain there is nothing beyond this world but Death, all of your stories about going there were not true. You evidently don't care to say where you do go. I will, therefore, bid you a very good evening."

"You will do no such thing till you have listened as

patiently to my story as I have to yours," exclaimed the Frog.

Then the Frog told how he had waited for the Grub and "At last," he continued, "though I didn't see you, I saw a sight which will interest you more than any creature that lives. Up the stalk of one of those bulrushes, I saw a Grub just like you slowly climbing until he had left the water, and was clinging to the stem in the full glare of the sun. I must say I was surprised, knowing how fond you all are of the shady bottom of the pond. So I stayed and watched and then a very wonderful thing happened—a rent seemed to come in your friend's body and gradually after much squirming and struggling there came out from it a glorious Dragon-fly. Oh, little Grub, you who have never seen the sunshine and who have lived here in the ugly mud of this dark pond can not imagine what a beautiful creature a Dragon-fly is. It has wonderful, gauzy wings and its body gives out rays of glittering blue and green. I watched it fly in great circles and then I plunged below to tell you the splendid news."

"It is a wonderful story," said the Grub—"but"—and, then, he began to wonder whether it could really be true and whether perhaps it might some day happen to him.

Weeks passed and the Grub often thought of what the Frog had told him. Finally one day he felt sick and weak and had an overwhelming desire to go upwards. The other grubs gathered around him and made him promise that if indeed the wonderful change should happen to him, he would return and tell them so. He promised and then slowly climbed up the bulrush stalk. A few of his friends and relatives went near the surface of the water hoping to see what happened but alas! their eyes were made to see only in the water, and as soon as the Grub reached the air, he was lost to their sight.

And then the wonderful change did take place. The Grub

burst his shell and became a beautiful Dragon-fly. At last his hopes had come true.

Did he forget his promise to go back and tell his comrades? No, indeed, he did not forget, but when he tried to descend into the water he had the same sensation as before, when a Grub, he had tried to come out into the air. But although he could not go back to them, he often flew close to the surface of the pond, longing to be able to tell his comrades of the great joy that was in store for them.

A DISOBEDIENT DICKY BIRD *

THREE little birds, Fluffy, Chirpie and Dicky, lived in a beautiful nest hung high among the branches of an old oak tree. The father and mother birds were kept very busy every day gathering food for the hungry little mouths that always flew wide open whenever the parent birds came near.

Day by day they grew until they were large enough to take their first trip out of the nest. First, they hopped to the edge of the nest, then to the nearest branch, and as they grew stronger they would hop from twig to twig. At last the mother said:

"Now, birdies, it is time for you to fly down and eat sand." Fluffy and Chirpie flew down and began eating sand, but Dicky said:

"I can't fly; and I don't like sand anyway."

"Oh, but you must eat sand," said his mother. "Birds have no teeth with which to grind their food, so we must eat sand that it may grind up the food that we eat, such as bugs, worms and seeds. Come, you must eat sand if you would become strong." But Dicky only cried the louder: "I can't fly, and I don't like sand!"

Then the mother went to him and pushed him out of the nest, and he spread his wings and flew to the ground.

"Eat sand and grow strong," said Chirpie. "How do you know you don't like it if you won't taste it?" But foolish Dicky only said: "I won't eat sand!"

Now, the mother bird had promised that when they had grown strong they should go to the meadow. So one spring

* From *Worth-while Stories for Every Day*, by Lawton B. Evans, A.M. Used by permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company.

morning she told them they might go, though she feared Dicky was not strong enough to go so far. They flew over the fence and through the orchard, and by this time Chirpie and Fluffy were far ahead. Dicky was being left behind. He called loudly: "Wait! wait!" but they were already too far away to hear.

Soon all but Dicky reached the meadow.

"Why, where is Dicky?" exclaimed the mother.

"We left him sitting on the orchard wall," said Fluffy; "he was too tired to fly. He will not eat sand and the bugs make him sick. He is weak."

What a fine time they had! Mother showed them how to get the nicest bugs, worms and seeds; and they bathed in the brook to their hearts' content. When they had eaten all they could and frolicked all they wished, they looked and saw the great round sun going down in the West, and they knew that night was near. Then they flew back to the dear home tree, and what do you think was the first thing they saw when they reached home? Yes—there was Dicky under the tree eating sand! He wanted to be strong and had found out that he had to do what his mother told him.

RESOURCEFUL SANTA CLAUS

One Saturday about two weeks before Christmas found Miss Guinevere Hilliard sitting in the large fireside chair, swinging her silk-stockinged leg disconsolately to and fro, endeavoring to write a letter to Santa Claus. She was nine years old and the only child of the rich silk merchant. At her side sat Fuzzy, the small white poodle, gazing with blinking, cynical eyes into the fire.

"Dear Santa Claus," she began, "I suppose I'd better have another doll this Christmas, but I don't care much, for I have too many already. But if you do give me one, please give me one that can say something besides 'Mamma,' when I punch it. And don't give me any more railroad games, for I'm tired having nurse tell me to run and play at railroads. And I don't want silk dresses or furs, either, for they aren't really Christmas presents. And I want the biggest tree I've ever had, with the biggest balls and the brightest tinsel, or else I don't want any . . . Oh, Fuzzy, I'm tired of Christmas and tired of Santa Claus." Whereupon the sated and blasé young lady fell asleep, and did not awaken until Fuzzy, startled into consciousness by the landing of a spark on the tip of his aristocratic nose, leaped into his mistress's lap in a fine fury.

The sleep had been so sound that Miss Guinevere had not seen her nurse enter the library, and finding a fallen sheet of paper, pick it up and depart with it. Being a very wise nurse, she naturally forwarded it to the person for whom it was intended. Old Santa Claus must surely have scratched his head over the difficulty of giving a merry Christmas to so world-

weary and fastidious a maiden. But Santa Claus was a resourceful old fellow, and did not intend to be deposed by a "poor little rich girl."

The two weeks passed, and Christmas morning dawned in a flurry of snowflakes. Miss Guinevere tumbled out of bed at a late hour, and peeping through the curtains addressed herself to her bosom-friend, Fuzzy. "Now, Fuzzy, what do you think of this—snow on Christmas morning? My new hat and your pink bow will both be spoiled if we go out, and there is nothing to do at home," and she jerked her small shoe viciously.

At this critical juncture her mother entered and bade her hurry downstairs to see what Santa Claus had brought for her. Very nonchalantly she descended, quite prepared to be bored. She opened the door, and looked, and looked, and did not understand. No glittering balls, no electric lights, no miniature cars tooting around the bottom of the tree; no life-sized bisque doll-baby, no silks nor jewels. Instead, a small cedar tree with a silver star at the top, and over its branches strings of cranberries and pop-corn chains, home-made fairies and ginger-bread dolls—what quaint, friendly, little beings they were! There was a white cotton doll-baby with a lovely briar-stitched cape, and black, beady eyes, which pierced straight into one's heart's secrets, and a lovely little grandmother doll with a hickory-nut head upon which was perched a dainty white cap, while a little white shawl and white apron over her drab-colored dress completed her costume. She had a quizzical expression as one who should say, "Am I not welcome?" Miss Guinevere Hilliard saw and smiled on them all, and touched them gently and tenderly in turn. Sitting down on the white sheet which draped the tree-box, with an orange in one hand and a Christmas-candy poll-parrot in the other, and gazing deep into Fuzzy's eyes, she remarked, "Fuzzy, dear, isn't this

the funniest Christmas ever?'' Just at this moment the door opened and Mrs. Hilliard led in a small child, probably a year or two younger than Guinevere, her hair braided in two very stiff neat braids. She wore a little coat which she had seriously outgrown, and a funny close-fitting bonnet. On her face was an expression of surprise which matched Guinevere's own. Mrs. Hilliard watched the two children a minute and then, laughing, said, ''Guinevere, Santa Claus received your note, and sent you this little girl, whose name is Mary Jones and whose home has been in an orphan asylum until today. Now she is to live with us and play with you and love and care for all your poor neglected bisque dollies who squeak 'Mamma' when you punch them.''

Then from an unnoticed bundle she produced a little brown coat, a pair of leggings, two stout shoes, a skating cap and a pair of mittens. ''These, dear,'' she said to Guinevere, are your new stormy-day clothes, guarnteed not to mind the snow-flakes. Now, when you can tear yourself away from your tree, go up and put them on, and then you and Mary and Fuzzy go out for a romp in the drifts.''

That night before going to bed, though tired and sleepy, after a strenuous day, Guinevere demanded a pencil and paper and wrote: ''Dear Santa Claus, you are the best ever, and Mary Jones says so, too. Please forgive everything I said before, because I've been an only child and Mamma says she's sorry for only children, because they get too much. But, now, I have Mary Jones and we both love gingerbread-dolls, and I do love you, Santa Claus. Yours truly, Guinevere Hilliard.''

"SANTA CLAUS . . . SENT YOU THIS LITTLE GIRL"

THE QUEER LITTLE BAKER MAN *

All the children were glad when the Little Baker came to town and hung the sign above his queer little brown shop:

THANKSGIVING LOAVES TO SELL

Each child ran to tell the news to another child, until soon the streets echoed with the sound of many running feet, and the clear November air was full of the sound of happy laughter, as a crowd of little children thronged as near as they dared to the Little Baker's shop, while the boldest crept so close that they could feel the heat from the big brick oven, and see the gleaming rows of baker's pans.

The Little Baker said never a word. He washed his hands at the windmill water spout and dried them, waving them in the crisp air. Then he unfolded a long spotless table, and setting it up before his shop door, he began to mold the loaves, while the wondering children drew nearer and nearer to watch him.

He molded big long loaves, and tiny round loaves; wee loaves filled with currants, square loaves with queer markings on them; fat loaves and flat loaves and loaves in shapes such as the children had never seen before, and, always as he molded, he sang a soft tune to these words:

Buy my loaves of brown and white,
  Molded for the child's delight.
Who forgets another's need
  Eats unthankful and in greed;
But the child who breaks his bread
  With another, Love has fed.

* By Phila Butler Bowman. Used by permission of *The Mother's Magazine*.

By and by the children began to whisper to each other.

"I shall buy that very biggest loaf," said the Biggest Boy. "Mother lets me buy what I wish. I shall eat it alone, which is fair if I pay for it."

"Oh," said the Tiniest Little Girl, "that would be greedy. You could never eat so big a loaf alone."

"If I pay for it, it is mine," said the Biggest Boy, boastfully, "and one need not share what is his own, unless he wishes."

"Oh," said the Tiniest Little Girl, but she said it more softly this time, and she drew away from the Biggest Boy and looked at him with eyes that had grown big and round.

"I have a penny," she said to the Little Lame Boy, "and you and I can have one of those wee loaves together. They have currants in them, so we shall not mind if the loaf is small."

"No, indeed," said the Little Lame Boy, whose face had grown wistful when the Biggest Boy talked of the great loaf. "No, indeed, but you shall take the bigger piece."

Then the Little Baker raked out the bright coals from the great oven into an iron basket and he put in the loaves, every one, while the children crowded closer, with eager faces.

When the last loaf was in, he shut the oven door with a clang so loud and merry that the children broke into a shout of laughter.

Then the Queer Little Baker came and stood in his tent door, and he was smiling; and he sang again a merry little tune to these words:

Clang! clang! my oven floor:
My loaves will bake as oft before;
And you may play where shines the sun
Until each loaf is brown and done.

Then away ran the children, laughing and looking back at the door of the shop where the Queer Little Baker stood and

where the raked-out coals, bursting at times, cast long red lights against the brown walls; and as they ran they sang together the Queer Little Baker's merry song:

Clang! clang! my oven floor:
My loaves will bake as oft before.

Then some played at hide and seek among the sheaves of ungarnered corn, and some ran gleefully through the heaped-up leaves of russet and gold for joy to hear them rustling. But some, eager, returned home for pennies to buy a loaf when the Queer Little Baker should call.

So the hour passed, till, above the sound of the rustling corn, and the sounds of all other voices, the children heard the Little Baker's call:

The loaves are ready, white and brown,
For every little child in town.
Come buy Thanksgiving loaves and eat,
But only Love can make them sweet.

Soon all the air was filled with the sound of swift-running feet, as the children flew, like a cloud of leaves blown by the wind, in answer to the Queer Little Baker's call. When they came to his shop they paused, laughing and whispering, as the Little Baker laid out the loaves on the spotless table.

"This is mine," said the Biggest Boy, and laying down a silver coin he snatched the great loaf and ran away to break it by himself.

Then came the Impatient Boy, crying:

"Give me my loaf. This is mine, and give it to me at once. Do you not see my coin is silver? Do not keep me waiting."

The Little Baker said never a word. He did not smile, he did not frown, he did not hurry. He gave the Impatient Boy

his loaf and watched him, as he, too, hurried away to eat his loaf alone.

Then came others crowding and pushing with their money, the strongest and rudest gaining first place; and snatching each a loaf, they ran off to eat without a word of thanks, while some very little children looked on wistfully, not able even to gain a place. All this time the Queer Little Baker kept steadily on, laying out the beautiful loaves on the spotless table.

A Gentle Lad came, when the crowd grew less and, giving all the pennies he had, he bought loaves for all the little ones; so that by and by no one was without a loaf. The Tiniest Little Girl went away hand in hand with the Little Lame Boy to share her wee loaf, and both were smiling; and whoever broke one of those smallest loaves found it larger than it had seemed at first.

But now the Biggest Boy was beginning to frown.

"This loaf is sour," he said angrily.

"But is it not your own loaf," said the Baker, "and did you not choose it yourself, and choose to eat it alone? Do not complain of the loaf since it is your own choosing."

Then those who had snatched the loaves ungratefully and hurried away, without waiting for a word of thanks, came back.

"We came for good bread," they cried, "but those loaves are sodden and heavy."

"See the lad there with all those children. His bread is light. Give us, too, light bread and sweet."

But the Baker smiled a strange smile.

"You chose in haste," he said, "as those choose who have no thought in sharing. I cannot change your loaves. I cannot choose for you. Had you, buying, forgotten that mine are Thanksgiving loaves? I shall come again; then you can buy more wisely."

Then these children went away thoughtful.

But the very little children and the Gentle Lad sat eating their bread with joyous laughter, and each tiny loaf was broken into many pieces as they shared with each other, and to them the bread was as fine as cake and as sweet as honey.

Then the Queer Little Baker brought cold water and put out the fire. He folded his spotless table and took down the boards of his little brown shop, and packed all into his wagon and drove away, singing a quaint tune. Soft winds rustled the corn and swept the boughs together with a musical chuckling. And where the brown leaves were piled thickest, making a little mound, sat the Tiniest Little Girl and the Little Lame Boy eating their sweet currant loaf happily together.

AN EARLY CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

NEBUCHADREZZAR, King of the mighty city of Babylon, grew angry with the people of Judah and Jerusalem because they did not pay him the taxes he demanded, so he and his army came against Jerusalem and encamped against it and built forts round about. For three years the Hebrews were shut in like birds in a cage, until famine became sore in the city and there was no bread for the people to eat. At length the walls of Jerusalem were broken down, the soldiers swarmed into the city. They set fire to the king's palace, and to all the great houses and even burned to the ground the beautiful Temple of Solomon, which for three hundred years and more, had stood so proudly on Mt. Zion, and was the pride of the whole earth. One of the Hebrew poets described the sorrows of those days in the following words:

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people?
She is become as a widow that was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the provinces has become a tributary!
She weepeth sore in the night and her tears are on her cheeks;
Among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her:
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

The people's hearts were broken, not only because of the destruction of their beloved city, but also because the King of Babylon sent out the cruel command that many thousands

of the Hebrews—the very flower of the nation—must march away from their home-land and all that was dear to them and go as exiles to distant Babylonia. We will see that Nebuchadrezzar could force them to take the hated journey, but he could not take away from them their loyalty to their God and to the teaching they had received from their parents and religious leaders.

Among these sad people were four young Hebrews of the royal family whose names were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. They very soon attracted the special notice of their captors, as "youths in whom was no blemish, but well-favored and skillful in all wisdom, and endowed with knowledge, and understanding science and such as had ability to stand in the king's palace."

Nebuchadrezzar fancied that he would like to have these good-looking, bright boys for attendants in his court; in preparation for this he ordered that they should no longer be called by their own Hebrew names, but should bear instead the Babylonian names of Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They were to be instructed in the learning and language of Babylonia for three years, and during this time were to have for food portions of the same dainties which the King himself ate. At the end of the three years, the young men, finely equipped in body and mind, should become attendants in the magnificent palace of the mighty King.

Nebuchadrezzar did not know the stuff these boys were made of. All through their childhood they had been taught the strictest sort of rules about food. Unless animals were killed in a certain way, prescribed by the Jewish law, the meat was called unclean, and if a Jew ate it, he was thought to be unclean also. Moreover the wine on Nebuchadrezzar's table was consecrated to the Babylonian gods; Daniel and his

companions believed if they drank it, they would be recognizing those many gods as worthy to be worshipped.

The young Hebrews were conscientious objectors; they resolved that they could not touch the King's dainties, however delicious they might be; obedience to the religion of their fathers meant more to them than all else; they were masters of themselves and loyal to their convictions—patriots to their religion, we might call them, even in the face of danger; for to disobey the mighty King was no light thing in Babylon!

Daniel's loyalty had a twofold reward: The officer of the court, who had charge of the young men's diet, had grown to like the boys and to know their courage and firmness. When Daniel turned hopefully to him asking that he would allow them to use just simple vegetable food and pure water, he granted the request, and the result was that "at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and they were fatter in flesh than all the youths that did eat of the King's dainties."

Moreover, their God, to whom they were faithful, "gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom," so that at the end of the three years, when they were taken into the presence of King Nebuchadrezzar, "in every matter of wisdom and understanding concerning which the King inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians in all his realm."

THE SMITHY *

A HINDU FABLE

By P. V. Ramaswami Raju (Adapted)

Once words ran high in a smithy.

The furnace said: "If I cease to burn, the smithy must close."

The bellows said: "If I cease to blow, no fire, no smithy."

The hammer and anvil, also, each claimed the sole credit for keeping up the smithy.

The ploughshare that had been shaped by the furnace, the bellows, the hammer and the anvil, cried: "It is not each of you alone, that keeps up the smithy, but *all together.*"

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* From *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

BILLY'S ACCUSER

Billy wanted the jelly very much, and the jelly was in a little jar upon the upper shelf of the china closet.

Billy and the baby were in the dining-room together. Mother had gone out; leaving them with Katy, and Katy had just stepped to the door to speak to a friend.

So there was nobody to see Billy but the baby, and she seemed to be very busy with her blocks just then.

He took a cracker from the tin box, and climbed upon the shelves until his small hand could reach the jelly-jar. He took spoonful after spoonful of the coveted dainty, until his cracker was piled "mountain high" therewith, and looked like the base of a very irregular pyramid. Then he came down from his elevation with a jump, and, when he turned around, the baby was looking him full in the face.

She didn't laugh as she sometimes did at his merry pranks. She only stared wonderingly.

"I should fink you'd better play with your blocks. That's what I fink you'd better do," said Billy.

"Wah! w-ah!" answered the baby.

"There they are," and Billy tumbled them about with his foot. "Don't you see 'em?"

The baby made no reply. She looked first at Billy, then at the jelly, which was rapidly disappearing.

"I s'pose you'd like some, but I can't give you some, 'cause you couldn't eat it all up nice and clean, and 't would show on your mouth. Some other day brother'll give you some."

The baby didn't say a word.

"There! it's all gone now. I ain't goin' to have any more, 'cause it would be naughty to have any more. Don't you hear Katy comin'? Let brother wipe his hands, and then he'll play with you."

The offending fingers were hurriedly wiped upon Billy's apron, and, when Katy opened the door, he was making a very tall house for his sister, at the destruction of which that little lady condescended to smile.

"That's a man!" said Katy, approvingly. "Was she good the while?"

"She didn't scream any," answered Billy.

"Just mind her for a bit longer, then, till I go for her milk. There's a good boy," and Katy went into the kitchen.

She didn't intend to keep the baby waiting, but Bridget's first cousin had just dropped in from the country, and he was so very entertaining that Katy forgot the milk, and left it upon the stove until it was too hot; then she plunged the tin cup into a pitcher of cold water, and forgot it again, until it was too cool.

They took such a long time, in fact, that when Mother came home she found Billy turning somersaults, running about on all fours, squealing like a pig, barking like a dog, in short, transforming himself into all sorts of impossible animals, to amuse his sober little sister.

But when the baby's brown eyes saw Mother, how quickly they brightened! The little hands were impatiently held out, the tiny feet kicked the tiresome floor remorselessly. Who could expect a baby to sit contentedly upon the floor, when Mother's loving arms were almost within clasping distance?

Billy's mother didn't expect it, at any rate. She took her little daughter into her lap, and hugged her so tight that it almost seemed as if the baby would lose her breath altogether; but she didn't.

Then the lady turned to Billy: "Been a good boy?" she inquired.

"I guess I did," replied Billy.

He glanced at the baby as he said this.

She was looking at him very earnestly, and, singularly enough, her lip was quivering.

"Come and tell Mother what you've been doing."

"Ain't been doin' anyfing, but just bein' dogs and fings."

The baby stared solemnly, unflinchingly.

"Is that all?" asked Mother, wondering at her son's flushed face and uneasy manner.

"Yes; I didn't do no more fings just but them," with a defiant look at his wee sister.

It was strange that, at this very moment, the baby should burst out with a wailing, pitiful cry. It was a touching cry, as if her little heart were being cruelly torn, and must have instant relief, or break upon the spot.

"What's the matter with my darling? There! there! there!" and Mother walked up and down the long dining-room with her charge, conscience-stricken Billy following close at her heels.

"P-r-a-p-s she finks I wasn't a very good boy," he faltered at length.

Mother didn't hear him, the baby was screaming so.

He spoke louder.

"P-r-aps she finks I was a naughty boy."

"Were you a naughty boy, Billy? There! there! there!"

"Pretty naughty. I taked some jelly. 'Twas nice jelly."

"But you told Mother you were good. Sh! sh! sh! Mother's little lady."

"I wasn't very good. I wasn't good every minute. I spreaded it onto a cracker. I didn't give sister any."

"I don't believe she wanted any. She feels better now,

doesn't she, dear little sister? Were you good all the rest of the minutes, Billy?"

"Yes; I did. I was good all the other times."

And the baby's face, which, only a moment before, had been so puckered up with grief that her nose was hardly distinguishable, now suddenly smoothed itself, the brown eyes shining through the tear-drops like two precious little suns in a summer shower.

"She's glad I'm a good boy now, Mother," remarked Billy, with an air of intense satisfaction.

"I'm glad, too," said Mother, with a kiss. "Good boys are— Why, Katy! Is it time for her milk? Didn't she have it at three? No wonder she jumps at the sight of the bottle. She must be nearly starved, poor baby!"

SCATTERED SEEDS

MARGHERITA had a frown on her forehead and a worried feeling of wrong in her heart. She hadn't been really happy for two whole days—not since she had spoken unkindly of her little friend Marie, and repeated a story about her that she was not sure was true.

She knew she would never feel comfortable about it until she had talked it over with Mother, but she hated to have her know. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she told all about it.

Mother looked very sorry, but all that she said was, "Rita, I want you to go to the three-acre lot down by the blacksmith shop and gather a handful of the brown seed-pods of the milkweed. On your way home, open the pods and let the little winged seeds fly away for a frolic with the wind. Then come back to me."

This sounded like a very light reproof, and Margherita quickly found some milkweed plants. She ran and hopped and jumped through the field, tossing from her hands the silky, floating seeds. Pink-cheeked and smiling, she came back to her mother.

"Now," said her mother, "go back to the field, and, on the way, gather the seeds you have scattered, every one, and bring them to me."

The little girl set out to do as she was bidden. But as she passed along, she found that the frolicsome wind had scattered the delicate seeds far and wide. Even among the leaves of the wayside trees they had flown, and through the hedges, and over the little river that ran through the town.

SHE RAN AND HOPPED AND JUMPED THROUGH THE FIELD

Some of them had found a new field, where they settled themselves to establish new colonies of milkweed plants.

At last, discouraged and almost in tears, Margherita went back to her mother with only a few of the seeds she had scattered.

"My little daughter," Mother said, "it was just this that you did when you scattered unkind words about Marie, whether they were false or true. Spoken words of blame and suspicion may be like little sparks of fire falling in dried grass; they may cause great damage—at home, perhaps, or at school, or even in the world. And words once spoken are scattered like milkweed seeds.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know:
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said!

THE STORY OF A LETTER

HANSON and Louie lived in a small village in southeastern Pennsylvania in the days when your fathers and mothers were boys and girls. Hanson was thirteen, and, although Louie was two years younger, she had always been a little mother to Hanson. Many anxious fears troubled this small sister, fears lest her lively brother should come to grief at school through his love of fun and mischief. As she walked beside him down the village street, she would say, "Now, Hanson, thee will be good and study at school today, won't thee?"—all of which, Hanson, with a merry twinkle in his eye, would faithfully promise.

There is nothing so nice as a party when you are thirteen or eleven, and this little Quaker boy and girl had enjoyed their full share of daytime parties, where they played mostly out-of-doors at blind-man's buff, drop the handkerchief, Ruth and Jacob, or best of all, had the old dough-chest filled with bran, in which were hidden mysterious little gifts to be fished out with a big spoon. Those parties had all been in the daytime, but one afternoon the unexpected happened. A note was left on Louie's desk inviting her and Hanson to an *evening* party. They were to start at seven-thirty and drive in a big hay-wagon several miles out into the country to the home of two of their school friends. It all sounded so new and interesting! Why, they might not get home until eleven o'clock! So Louie and Hanson ran gaily home to tell Father and Mother about it, although deep in their hearts lurked a fear lest perhaps Father might not approve. Hanson took the milk-pail and went down to the meadow where Blossom was

patiently waiting at the bars, while Louie skipped into the house to announce the joyful news of the party.

A few minutes later, Hanson looked up from his milking to see a forlorn little figure coming slowly down the path. "Cheer up, sister," he shouted, for boys of thirteen do not care half so much about parties as girls do!

"But, Hanson, Father doesn't want us to go to the party, and I do want to go, when all the others are going."

"What did Father say, Sister?"

"Well, he said something about ten hours of sleep and nine o'clock bedtime for growing boys and girls and that it isn't good business policy to overdraw our health account any more than our bank account, and——"

"Now, look here, Sis," interrupted Hanson, "I wouldn't cry about it, if I were thee. I say, let's go up to the house and talk it over with Father and Mother."

So up to the house they went, and, as they talked together, Father said, "Suppose we do something else this evening. Perhaps it may not seem so interesting to you now as the party, but I think it will give you more lasting pleasure. How would you like to write a letter to some great man, asking how he spent his time when he was your age?"

"Oh, yes, that would be interesting," cried Louie. Hanson looked a bit uncertain about it.

"Yes, let's write to John G. Whittier. Thee knows how we love 'Snow Bound,' Hanson, when Mother reads it to us by the fire on snowy evenings. Let's write to Whittier! I'll do it, if thee doesn't want to."

So Louie sat down at the big walnut secretary and began:

A little girl of eleven presumes to address thee. In behalf of myself and a brother, two years my senior, I write to ask how thee spent thy leisure time when thee was our age. Any reply that thee desires to make will be very much appreciated by two lovers of "Snow Bound."

This happened in the spring-time. Weeks went by and Louie saw by the paper that her beloved Quaker poet was very ill. Then, one day in the early autumn, Father came home, carrying in his hand a letter addressed with purple ink in a beautiful hand and postmarked Amesbury, Mass. Louie could hardly wait until the letter was carefully opened. Then she read:

AMESBURY, MASS., 9mo. 17, 1881.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

I think at the age of which thy note inquires I found about equal satisfaction in an old rural home, with the shifting panorama of the seasons, in reading the few books within my reach, and dreaming of something wonderful and grand somewhere in the future. Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure in my mother's love, and dreamed of losing nothing and gaining much. Looking back now, my chief satisfaction is, that I loved and obeyed my parents, and tried to make them happy by seeking to be good. I had at that time a very great thirst for knowledge and little means to gratify it. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me. And the moral and spiritual beauty of the holy lives I read of in the Bible and other good books also affected me with a sense of my own falling short and longing for a better state.

With every good wish for thee, I am,

Thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE WASTED OAK LEAF

"A PILE of newspapers and this bag of rags to be gotten rid of!" remarked Barbara's mother as she dumped them down on the back porch, where Barbara was working. It was fall house-cleaning time, and Barbara was busily wiping with a damp cloth the glasses of the framed pictures from the walls. On the lawn outside, the October sun shone brightly, and a flock of blackbirds picked among the leaves scattered on the grass.

"Mother, can't I take the newspapers out in the garden and make a bonfire with them? I've nearly finished cleaning the pictures," Barbara asked, adding longingly, "I'll be careful. I do so love to burn things."

Mother shook her head. "I don't want them burned. I give them to the Salvation Army man. He sells them to people whose business it is to make brand new paper out of the pulp of old newspapers. Rags are used in the same way. It would be very wasteful to burn them."

"Oh, dear, I wish I *could* this once! Lots of things are wasted all the time! Just look at all the dead leaves flying around, wasted." A little whirlwind danced past, flinging a few brown leaves at Barbara's feet. Her voice sounded very whiny, for, to tell the truth, she was tired of bending over the pictures and felt a trifle cross.

Mother looked at her little daughter in surprise.

"Put the cloth away now, dear," she said. "Run out in the woods and see whether or not the leaves are wasted. Maybe you'll find they are made over just like the newspapers."

As Barbara waded through a pile of crackling leaves that

the wind had drifted in by the porch steps, and raced across the grass into the woods, she felt quite cheerful again. The woods seemed light and airy, with the branches half bare and every breeze shaking down a shower of gold and brown. She stood still to watch a chipmunk scamper across the path in front of her, his little brush of a tail curled over his back and his cheeks bulging with nuts. A large, leathery oak leaf, turning slowly round and round as it fell, almost touched Barbara's nose. It settled lightly at her feet with a rustle that sounded very much like a sigh. Barbara leaned over in time to hear a tiny voice say:

"You didn't quite hit it, did you!"

The thin, dry voice of the Oak Leaf answered: "No, that little girl was in the way. Oh, well—the West Wind will move me again."

Barbara jumped to one side, for she hated to be in the way. Then her curiosity overcame her, and she returned to the Oak Leaf.

"Where were you trying to go?" she asked.

"I hoped I would strike the clump of ferns you are almost walking on," it replied. "We have to look out for it—it's rather tender, and last winter suffered with the cold. All of us on my branch agreed we would be specially careful to cover it well this year."

Before Barbara could answer, a round little voice piped up from across the path:

"I don't want to interfere with Maidenhair Fern, but please don't forget me." Barbara saw a tuft of the queer-shaped, green leaves of the Hepatica, that grows among the rocks and blooms early in the spring, tremble slightly. "I thought the Beech would send me a covering, but so far not a beech leaf has come near me," the Hepatica went on.

Barbara was astonished, and was just about to ask a question, when a spray of yellow Goldenrod spoke up:

"You're all foolish to worry so soon about your winter blankets. You know perfectly well that the West Wind is going to mix the leaves all up anyway, and whirl them here and there. By the time the Freeze comes, you'll all be covered."

"Tell me," Barbara interrupted eagerly, "do the leaves off the trees really have to keep the plants protected from cold? I thought in the fall leaves just died and fell down to the ground."

" 'Just died and fell down!'—listen to the child!" scoffed the Oak Leaf. "Much she knows! There is no such thing as 'just dying' in the woods. First, while we're on the branches, we make green food for the trees out of sunlight and rain; then we cover the ground to keep Jack Frost from running in and out in winter, splitting the earth and tearing the roots of the plants. Thick and soft we cover the ground." The Oak Leaf nestled closer into a hollow.

"And then what happens to you?" Barbara questioned.

The Goldenrod plume stirred, as a late bee settled on it. "Let her look and see for herself what becomes of the leaves," it advised.

"Look under me"—"And me"—"And me," rustled a dozen voices.

Barbara gathered up a double handful of the loosely scattered crisp oak leaves and laid them gently on the clump of Maidenhair Fern. Below where they had been, she found a mass of damp leaves closely packed together, some oak, some beech, some maple. She discovered when she tried to lift them that they stuck closely together and tore easily when separated. A little red salamander crawled hastily under a stone, and several flat beetles and worms with many legs scuttled away.

"Dig deeper," the Goldenrod directed, when Barbara

hesitated. She found a stick and turned up the mat of wet leaves. Below it lay a mixture of black earth and what looked like skeletons of leaves, with only the veins and stems left. This layer was filled with tiny roots, and was damp and cool. Barbara thought it looked like the soil Mother always brought from the woods to fill the pots of her beautiful house ferns. She scratched deeper with her stick, turning up only fine, rich dirt, with no trace of leaves. Then the stick struck a stone and she could dig no further.

"Well," said the Oak Leaf from its new bed on the Maidenhair Fern, "do you see now what becomes of us? 'Just died,' indeed! That black earth is the finest plant food in the world—better than all the fertilizer your father buys in bags! Three years from now I'll be feeding the roots of trees and goldenrod and ferns, myself. Because I feed them, they will grow new leaves, which in turn will fall and rot and—— Let me tell you, little girl, we don't waste even leaves, in the woods."

TOMMY'S BIRTHDAY

One happy day in November, Tommy had a birthday. Birthdays are always beautiful days, but this one seemed even more beautiful than usual because everyone in the family was happy. Big Brother was home again and Aunt Laura had come for a visit, so that even the cake had to be extra large.

When the romp was over and the candles all blown out, everyone sat together around the big open fire for a quiet little visit before bedtime, and Tommy, with all his precious new gifts, sat right in the middle. Suddenly, after a moment of silence, when everyone was watching the funny little sparks chasing each other up the dark chimney, Tommy exclaimed:

"Oh, I love everyone in all the United States!"

"Why only the United States, little son?" asked his father. "The whole world needs love."

"I don't believe it needs my love," said Tommy, "It is far away and I don't need it, and it doesn't need me."

"Oh," Big Brother said, "there is no such thing as 'far away' today. The people of the world are as close together as brothers."

"I wonder," asked Aunt Laura quietly, "how many of Tommy's birthday presents, here, came from other peoples in the world, and how many people of other lands had to help before he could have them."

Tommy sat up very straight with bright eyes and looked at the table beside him, laden with his beloved gifts.

"I see a basket of delicious dates," said Mother. "They were picked in a far-off land and travelled on the back of a camel long miles over the desert to the ship that brought them to us."

"I see handkerchiefs. The flax, from which the beautiful linen was woven, is grown in the fields of Belgium," said Grandfather.

"And that funny puzzle came from Japan, I am sure," added Big Brother. "The Japanese are very clever toy makers."

"Your gay new neckties, Tommy, were made from silk spun by little silkworms in the south of France," said Auntie.

"A Mexican Indian carved that leather belt, a funny Chinaman, with slanting eyes, embroidered those slippers, and no doubt a trapper in the northern Canada woods killed the little animal from whose fur your warm gloves are made," added Father.

"The coffee we had for supper came from Brazil, the sugar from Cuba, the rice from China or the Philippine Islands," finished Aunt Laura, almost breathless, and everyone laughed.

"Why, we have only begun!" cried Big Brother. "The rug you are sitting on, Tommy, came from Persia, the brass bowl beside you from Russia, the wool of your warm flannels from sheep that once grazed on a Spanish mountain-side, this book was published in London and this one in Edinburgh, and Mother's pot of bulbs there, came from Holland."

Tommy stood up suddenly, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes. "How wonderful it is," he cried. "All the world helped to make my birthday. All the world helps us to live! I love *all* the world Father, and I want to help, too!"

OLIVER CROMWELL AND GEORGE FOX

The Lord Protector of England lay sleeping. In the small room adjoining the great bare bed-chamber of Whitehall where each night Oliver Cromwell for a few hours tried to forget the plots that shook his uncertain seat and the quarrels and complaints that threatened to crush him, two soldiers talked together in low voices. It was seven o'clock, and already the castle was bustling with activity.

"It is the Protector's wont to be astir by now," muttered Harvey, who waited upon Cromwell. "I am lothe to disturb him. Tell me, Captain Drury, what manner of man is this Fox who clamors for justice before Cromwell himself? I have heard much of his works, since I have seen something of these Quakers."

"He has been in my charge only on this journey to White hall," answered Drury, "yet I feel as though he had known me since I was a child, so do those eyes of his penetrate the very soul. He was seized at Leicester for exhorting large meetings not to take in vain the name of the Lord, either in oaths or in any other way. It is reported that he plots against the government and incites to fresh rebellion; but I do not credit these reports, for a more peaceful-appearing man I have never beheld."

At this moment a door, opposite the one into Cromwell's chamber, opened quietly, and a broad-shouldered man entered with dignity and decision. His hair, over a broad forehead, was parted, and hung in a thick mass to the shoulders. His clear, quick eyes swept over the two startled soldiers and then to the closed bedroom door.

"Does Oliver still sleep? My business is the Lord's business, and is imperative"—he spoke in a low, clear voice.

Before Harvey could answer, a deep voice from within called loudly:

"Who calls in the Lord's name and is withheld?"

"It is thy friend, George Fox, who would speak with thee." And, before the soldiers could interfere, Fox had disappeared into the room. They stared at each other. Would not Cromwell, who tolerated intimacies from none, eject this mere prisoner with even greater speed than he entered? They listened breathlessly, only to hear the voice of George Fox, "Peace be with this house"—followed by a solemn hush. Then a low word of greeting from Cromwell, and Fox's voice again came to them in snatches—unhurried, impressive in its very tones.

"In this thy hour of great responsibility, Oliver, keep thou above all in the fear of God, that thou mayest receive wisdom from Him, and order all things under thy hand to God's glory——"

And after several minutes, during which they could not catch a word, the soldiers heard Cromwell's voice raised in argument:

"But you quarrel with our very ministers."

"Nay, friend," replied Fox, "they quarrel with me and with my friends, but we enter into conflict with no man. We proclaim to all that the power of the Holy Spirit is given to each direct, and none may use his gift for hire."

The attention of the two soldiers was at this moment distracted by the entry of a group of officers who demanded that the Protector be told that his treasurer awaited to consult him on matters of great importance. Harvey entered to deliver the message, and Cromwell turned to him slowly, as though awakening from another world. Before Harvey could speak

Cromwell strode to Fox, grasped him by the hand, and, gazing deep into those clear, untroubled eyes, his own harassed with care and brimming with emotion, murmured: "Come again to my house; for, if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other."

A long look, a handclasp as between brothers—and Cromwell wheeled suddenly, crying out loudly: "Gentlemen, of what matters would ye speak with me?"

George Fox, with Captain Drury at his heels, moved through the crowd of soldiers, who stared curiously at the prisoner holding his head so high before the Lord Protector of England. A moment later they stared still more, when Cromwell interrupted an officer to say to Harvey: "Run quickly after yonder good man and bid him go free wheresoever he willeth."

THE WATER BARREL

"David, Father and I are leaving one thing for you to attend to this morning," Mother said, as she took her gloves and pocketbook from the drawer and glanced out of the window to see if Father had brought the horse to the door.

"There's Father, waiting for me. Listen, dear? I want you, before you do anything else, to fill the water tank, so that it will last all to-morrow."

"I was going right down to the pasture to help Pete catch the lambs." David's voice sounded a little whining.

"No," replied Mother firmly; "bring up the water first of all, or it may not get done. Father and I will be home by six o'clock. After that one job, you can have fun all the rest of the day. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," David called, as the carriage rattled down the lane.

He walked back into the house and straight through to the kitchen. They were proud of this house—David and his father and mother—for it was very new and had taken a long time to build. Parts of it still were not finished. The well had not been drilled, so that all the water had to be carried from the spring, instead of being brought into the house through pipes. It was David's special work to keep water in a large barrel fastened firmly on a strong platform over the kitchen sink. His mother could then draw it from a spigot connected with the bottom of the barrel.

David climbed up a few steps on the side of the barrel, and, leaning far over the rim, tried to see how much water was left. It was so low that he couldn't even touch the surface with his finger-tips. He sighed and got the bucket out from under

the sink. He was a strong little boy—almost twelve years old—and he wasn't a bit tired, but it made him sigh to think of all the things he wanted to do that cool, sunshiny morning.

After the first five buckets had been poured into the barrel, with violent splashings, David sat down on the kitchen step to rest. He could see Pete, the hired man, down in the sheep pasture.

"I wonder why it wouldn't do just as well if I finished carrying water this afternoon," he thought. "What's the difference to Mother, so long as I get it done?"

He got up and was starting down the path when he remembered the last time Mother had gone to town. She and Father had been away all Sunday, and he had promised to have the barrel filled for the Monday washing. Well, as it turned out, he had let it go—and Monday morning Mother couldn't do the wash because Father, Pete and David had all gone to haul a load of lumber, and no one was there to carry in water.

David turned back, kicking pebbles impatiently. "Five more buckets, and I'll call it enough," he muttered. One bucket—two buckets—three—four—the sun was getting very hot—five—at last! Again he climbed the steps and leaned over the brim. The surface of the water glimmered more than half-way up the barrel, but still it wasn't nearly full.

David knew that by this time Pete had finished with the lambs and would be mending fence in the south pasture. Blueberries were thick over there. David felt very hungry. He picked up the bucket and said to himself, "Two more, and then I'm through!" Suddenly it occurred to him that it would be fun to *fill* the old barrel once, really, entirely, full. Always before he had stopped as soon as possible, which meant, of course, that the supply ran out so much the sooner. He ran down to the spring with fresh enthusiasm. One bucket—it

slopped over and wet his shoes a little. Two buckets—that time he almost stumbled over the step and spilled it all. Three buckets—it certainly was getting very heavy! Four buckets—Pete called to him, "Come on down here with me, boy," and David only answered shortly, "I'm busy." Five buckets. The water didn't make much noise now when it was poured in. Six buckets—David poured very slowly, looking over the edge as he did so. Close to his face was the black shadow of his own head, and the barrel was full to the brim.

"Whoopee! Pete—sixteen buckets—and it's chuck up full!" yelled David, leaping madly and waving his arms with joy.

An hour later, Pete stopped digging his posthole and stared at the distant house: "David!" he cried excitedly, "look at that smoke. Where's it coming from?"

David mounted to the top rail of the fence and shaded his eyes. "Seems to be out of the cellar window on this side," he answered.

Without another word, Pete ran at top speed across the fields, David after him. The kitchen was thick with smoke, which seemed to be pouring up from the cellar. Pete plunged down the steps, but was back again in an instant, coughing and choking.

" The long piece of hose from the barn—run, boy, run! That wood in the cellar is smouldering!" He staggered to the sink and grabbed up the bucket.

Dragging the hose after him, David panted back again, too breathless to ask questions. He watched Pete screw one end of the hose to the spigot under the water barrel, tie a wet towel over his nose and mouth, and with a muffled "Stay right here unless I call," dive down again into the smoke.

It seemed hours to David that he alternately stood as near as he could to the cellar door, listening to Pete tumbling things

around below, and climbed to peer into the tank. The water sank lower and lower. The hissing, as Pete poured it through the hose on the crackling wood, became fainter. Suppose the barrel ran dry before the fire was out! They would have to carry water in the bucket all the way from the spring. It occurred to David that he might be hauling some now, and then he remembered Pete had said, "Stay right here." Perhaps Pete was afraid the smoke might overcome him and he would need help. David did not dare to stir. The crackling had stopped entirely now—only thick rolls of smoke poured up the stairway and out of the door and windows. Silence below. David was scared. Had anything happened to Pete? The smoke was lighter now. He crept on the floor close to the steps and called. He was startled to hear Pete's voice quite close: "I'm comin', boy."

For five minutes Pete lay on the grass outside, breathing very hard. He was so black that David wanted to laugh, but was afraid he would cry instead. After a while Pete rolled over and looked at the boy sitting beside him.

"Close shave, Dave! There for a while I thought the house was gone. All that dry lumber afire! Must have been started by what they call 'spontaneous combustion' in that pile of wet rags the workmen left. Say, boy"—he sat up slowly—"how'd it ever happen that the water barrel was full? All the time I was squirtin' water I kept thinkin', 'If the water'll just hold out, I can save her yet.' But I never s'posed there'd be as much in the barrel as there was. Just enough to kill the last flicker—and a bit less wouldn't have done!"

"I filled it chuck full this morning," David answered.

"Well, let me tell you then—you saved this nice, brand-new house of your pa's from burning to a cinder! Put it there, old chap!" David's hand was swallowed up in Pete's grimy fist, and he grinned proudly.

GRANDMOTHERS

WHETHER you are big or little, dear children who read this story, don't you like to say, "Let's pretend?" Or if you are so *very* big that it would sound childish to you to say it, don't you like to *do* it, even if now you call it "day-dreams," or "castles in the air?"

Well, then, let's pretend that we are taking a walk, and suddenly, looking in from the high-road, we catch sight of this dear little house! The evening sun is lighting up the tiny window-panes, and turning to gold the little stream that ripples under the bridge at the right. The great oak tree whose boughs rest protectingly upon the roof, and the vines that clamber round the latticed doorway, soften the plain outlines, and the broad doorstone invites us to enter.

But look! Yes, some one is sitting in the doorway. Let's go closer! It is, oh, it is a dear little old lady, with her knitting. Now let's pretend again! Let's pretend that it is our very own Grandmother! And let's run fast, and settle down on the floor at her side, and—perhaps—ask her where she has been so long, and if she hasn't missed us, and if she won't tell, *right away*, that funny old story about the time that she and the calf got lost!

Now, didn't you enjoy that play-trip with me? If you did, it is because you really have a dear grandmother of your own. Whether you are with her often, or whether she is only a happy memory, fortunate are you if she has belonged in your lives! Of course, there is no one like mothers, and big sisters and aunts are *necessary* to a really complete family; but grandmothers—are different! They have so much more time than other folks; and they somehow always seem to understand.

Whether you are a timid little girl or a big boy who seems rough and noisy, but really is shy and loving, it is easy to tell things to Grandmother. She will know just how you feel, and will comfort and help you.

When I was a little girl I had a sweet grandmother whom I could never forget, though she left me so many long years ago. She was a slender little woman, straight as an arrow, with black eyes that were both bright and loving. Her husband died when she was still a young woman, leaving her with six children to bring up. She did it so beautifully, and they all lived to be fine men and women—and they always honored their little mother.

When I first remember my Grandmother she was an old lady, but as straight and as active as ever. She always wore the gray dress and the snowy book-muslin cap and handkerchief of the old-time Friends. Her time was divided among the families of her children, and happy was I when the days brought her to us! "Grandma's coming!" How much those words meant to me! I was a lonely little girl, without playmates, and Grandma took their place.

She kept all the little thrifty ways of her housekeeping years, and was eager to help with all the work of the household. She was specially fond of drying corn; and I can see her now, walking around the trays, stood in the sun, carefully stirring and turning the grains. Quilting was another favorite occupation, and she was never more happy than when she could sit by a frame and quilt the gay patches she had pieced together. It was she who taught me to sew patch-work, and I still have the doll's quilt that she helped me to make.

But the happiest thing that Grandma and I did together was going to the woods to gather chips. She would take a basket, and then the little woman and the little girl would wander away, hand in hand, up the road to the pretty wood-

land; and there under the grand old trees they would fill the basket with bits of bark and dry twigs, for the evening fire in the old farmhouse that was then *home*.

Happy times! Are *you* having them, boy or girl, with Grandmother or Grandfather, or, if you have not these, with Mother or Auntie? Don't forget the older folk. Don't spend *all* your time with comrades of your own age, or you will miss some of the loveliest memories that can come to your manhood or womanhood.

THE CHRISTMAS COUNCIL OF THE WINTER FOLK

It was the night before Christmas Eve. Ruth lay tucked in her warm bed on the sleeping-porch, watching the round, yellow moon shine through the pine branches.

She heard the big North Wind booming through the trees, sounding for all the world like waves breaking on the beach at the seashore. What was it saying? She pulled the downy quilt away from her ear.

"Woo-oo — winter — come — to-morrow—woo-oo—come," it roared, rushing past.

"I wonder who North Wind is talking to, and where it wants them to come," Ruth said aloud. The Wind was far off by this time.

"Whee—he's talking to me—to you—to-whoo—to me—to you," whined a voice from the nearest branch of the pine.

Ruth recognized her friend the Screech Owl, who about dusk every night flitted out of the woods.

"'To me—to you?'" repeated Ruth. "Where are we to come?"

"I'll tell you, Ruth." The Fluffy Owl drifted nearer. "To the Christmas Council of the Winter Folk. On Christmas Eve those of us who are awake in the woods gather under the Mossy Oak. It is then, when the old year is almost over, that we report what we have done for the Great Spirit."

"You mean God?" asked Ruth.

"Yes; we call him the Great Spirit. Come at sunset to-morrow to the Mossy Oak, and you shall hear more."

Christmas Eve was still and cold. One bright star hung in the West high above the sunset glow, and in the East the pale moon wheeled over the horizon. As Ruth approached the Mossy Oak she heard a merry chatter of little squeaks and chirps. "Zip—zip—room on that twig for me?" "Well, Bun,

how's your fur this year? I never felt mine thicker!" "Nuts all stored, Reddy?" "Squeak! Keep off my whiskers, please."

At first Ruth could not see a single animal or bird, though there was plenty of light. Then a brilliant red Cardinal flashed out of the bushes to the topmost twig of the Oak, and his whistle rang out clear and loud as a boy's.

"That's the signal for the Christmas Council to begin," explained a familiar voice just above Ruth's head, and she looked up at the little bunch of feathers and big round eyes of Screech Owl.

A large bird flapped softly into the branches of the Oak, and instantly the squeaks and murmurs were hushed.

"Mr. Barn Owl, President of the Council," whispered Screech Owl.

"Birds, mice, squirrels, bunnies and all other wood folk," began the Barn Owl in a loud, rasping voice, "The last leaves have fallen, the last of our brothers who sleep away the winter have crawled into their warm holes, frogs and turtles have burrowed into the mud, only we who watch through the frozen months of winter are awake on Christmas Eve. First, I will call on the birds. Snowbird, what have you done, in the year that is past, for the Great Spirit?"

A sleek little gray bird with white tail feathers flitted from a bush, and Ruth saw that he was a Snowbird.

"I have raised a beautiful family of four snowbirds," he chirped. "My wife and I have taught them to eat the seeds of weeds that grow on the edges of gardens. Together we have eaten quantities of seeds, and there will not be as many weeds because of us. This we have done for the Great Spirit." As he plunged back into the bushes his family twittered in chorus, "Yes, seeds—seeds—seeds!"

"Good!" cried the Barn Owl. "Nuthatch, what have you done for the Great Spirit?"

A curious little bird walked head-first down the trunk of

"THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR THE CHRISTMAS COUNCIL TO BEGIN"

the Oak Tree as easily as a fly walks down the wall. He stopped, still clinging to the rough bark with his toes, and answered as though he were talking through his nose:

"Yank—yank! I have searched in all the cracks of the apple-tree trunks and branches for worms and bugs that would spoil the fruit. The orchard had more fair and beautiful apples because I ate their enemies. This I have done. Yank—yank!"

"Good!" said the Barn Owl. And one after another he called the Cardinal, the Chickadee, the Crow, and other winter birds, large and small. Ruth had no idea that so many feathered friends stayed North through the bitter cold. Each told of his service for the Great Spirit.

"Now we come to the furry folk," cried the Barn Owl.

"They are a little afraid of him," whispered Screech Owl to Ruth.

"Rabbit," called the big Owl, and, with upright ears and quivering nose, Brown Bunny hopped under the Mossy Oak.

"I and my seven baby Buns," began the Rabbit, "have eaten——"

"The farmer's lettuce——" squawked a mischievous Red Squirrel from overhead.

The Rabbit thumped his strong hind feet indignantly on the frozen earth. "Yes, we may have nibbled a few leaves of lettuce or beans—the farmer had rows of them in his garden. But this good we have done for the Great Spirit: we have searched for the broad-leaved plantain and dock that grow on the lawn, crowding and killing out the delicate blades of grass. We have eaten the flat leaves of these pests, so that the grass could grow. This we have done."

"It is good, in spite of the lettuce," said the Barn Owl, as Bunny hopped back to the edge of the circle.

The Star in the West shone brighter and the glow had faded to dull red. Two tiny Mice squeaked forth their report

from under a tuft of dead brown grass. The Red Squirrel chattered from the branches, and even a Mole put his head through a hole in a soft bit of ground and told of having eaten cutworms that destroy the roots of garden plants.

The moon flooded the Mossy Oak with silvery light. The Barn Owl cried once more, "The furred and feathered folk of woods and fields have spoken. Are there other voices?"

For a moment there was breathless silence under the Mossy Oak. Then Ruth barely distinguished all around her a murmur as of thousands of muffled voices speaking together, each one so tiny that alone it could not have been heard.

"The Buds on trees, bushes and plants," explained the Screech Owl close to Ruth's ear.

"This we have done," murmured the voices of Buds. "All through the summer we have worked. From the rain and sunshine we have made the beginnings of leaves and flowers. We have packed them safe and tight inside scaly blankets, so that North Wind rattling among the branches can do them no harm. When the sun is warm and spring has come again, we will swell, burst open our scaly blankets, and the world will grow green and flowery once more. This we have done for the Great Spirit."

The Barn Owl turned toward Ruth. For the first time he appeared to notice that she was there.

"Little girl," he said, "you see each has done what he could to serve the Great Spirit who cares for all. Have you anything to say?"

Ruth sat thinking for a moment. These little wood folk had accomplished so much more than she that she felt ashamed. She remembered how often she had been cross and objected to doing the things her mother had asked of her. At last she said:

"Mr. Barn Owl, I have tried to be a good girl, but I have often failed. Next year I will do better."

F049

OUR WORD IS OUR KEEPER

THOMAS ELLWOOD was sitting in the growing darkness of Newgate Prison, wondering whether the daylight was really gone and if it was time for him to get out the hammock in which he slept and prepare for bed.

"It is hard to know," he said to the man nearest to him, "whether it is more uncomfortable at night or in the daytime."

It was no wonder that he spoke so, for an English prison in 1662 was a very dreadful place. The floors were damp and dirty, even at noontime the room was a gloomy twilight, and today it was so crowded that the prisoners could scarcely move about. They were all Quakers, sent to Newgate for refusing to take an oath. "The law requires you to swear that your statements are true!" had thundered the officers of the court. "Nay," the Quakers had replied, "a man's word, truthfully given, is as binding as any oath can be, and it is wrong to swear." So they had all been herded into Newgate to spend months of imprisonment for this offense.

"Thomas, thou art taller than I. Canst thou reach the hook yonder to fasten my hammock?" called out an older man.

"Yes, indeed," answered Thomas, "but why not hang it to the post in the middle of the room to-night, in the place where poor James has been. That will be in the middle row, and the air may be better."

"James was a delicate man," replied the other as he acted on Thomas' advice; "it is not surprising that he died in this vile atmosphere, even though we gave him the best place that we could."

Everyone felt very much depressed by the death of this prisoner, and as they began to put up their hammocks, which

had to be hung in all directions across the room, and one above the other until they were three rows high, the Friends still talked of him.

Suddenly there was a great noise of voices and tramping of feet outside. A key grated in the lock, and a torch threw a blinding light into the room as the turnkey opened the door and shouted, "Hold, hold! here is the coroner's inquest come to see you!"

A jury had come to inquire the reason for the death of the man. There was scarcely room for them to come in, so they crowded at the door. At last the foreman exclaimed, "What a sight is here! We need not now question how this man came by his death: we may rather wonder that they all are not dead, for this place is enough to breed an infection among them!"

The jury withdrew, and the Quakers thought no more of the affair until the next day. Then a sheriff came and explained that he wished that he could set them all free; but as that was not in his power, he would send a number of them to the old Bridewell Prison, which was less crowded. "This," he said, "will be more comfortable for you, and your removal will give more room to those left behind."

And now a very strange thing happened. The porter, who should have escorted them from one prison to the other, told them that as they knew the way to Bridewell, and as he could trust them, they might as well go there alone, provided they were in before bedtime! So Thomas Ellwood and some thirty more of the Friends made up their packs of clothing, and taking their bundles on their shoulders, walked two and two abreast from Newgate to old Bridewell. Some staggered slightly as from weakness, others stepped firmly as though their feet welcomed the good earth once more. The faces of all were pale from the confinement of the prison. They looked about them calmly, and often smiled to see the blue sky and

smell the fresh air. It was the middle of the afternoon and the street was full of people. Shop-keepers stared from their doors and passers-by stopped the little procession to ask who they were and where they were going. They said that they were prisoners, going from one prison to another.

"What!" exclaimed the townsmen. "Without a keeper? Why don't you go home? This is your opportunity!"

"No," Thomas Ellwood answered proudly, "for our word, which we have given, is our keeper."

THE OBEDIENT KID

In a stable lived a goat that had a pretty little kid, of which she was very fond. This kid was too young to go about with her mother; and the mother was half afraid to leave her by herself. But the goat was obliged to go out to get food.

One day she said to her little kid, "My dear, I am going to fetch a cabbage and a lettuce for your dinner. Mind you do not go out while I am away. Lock the door of our stable, and do not open it to anyone who knocks, without first looking out of the window to see who it is that wants to come in. Pray, mind what I say to you, and do as I bid you."

"Yes, Mother," said the kid, "do not be afraid, I will do as you bid me."

So off the old goat went; but she waited outside the door while the little kid shut it; and she looked back very often to see that it was kept shut.

A wolf who lived near, saw the goat pass by. He had often wished to eat up that nice tender young kid, and this day, having had no breakfast, he was very hungry. "Ah! ah! now the old mother is out, I will go and eat that silly young kid. She will be sure to leave the door open." Away he ran to the stable where the goat lived. He went to the door with a bounce, thinking to push it open. He did not expect to find the door fastened; but he was mistaken, and he could not get in.

"Although you have fastened the door, Miss Kid," growled he to himself, "I will eat you—I will knock, and you will be sure to come and open the door. And then——"

He was so pleased with the thoughts of eating the little kid that he licked his lips; and lifting up his paw, gave a loud knock at the door.

"Who is there outside?" asked the little kid from within.

"I, my dear," said the wolf, trying to speak like the goat, "I, your mother; open the door quickly; I am in a hurry."

"O, no! you cannot be my mother," said the kid.

"Open the door this minute, or I shall be very angry with you," said the wolf.

"If you are my mother," said the little kid, "you will wait while I look out of the window, for my mother told me to do so before I opened the door."

"Open the door directly," called out the wolf. But the wise little kid went up to the window and looked out.

"O! you bad wolf," said she, "to try to cheat me; but you will not eat me today; so you may go away—ha! ha! ha!" and the kid laughed. "I take care to mind what my dear mother says to me; ha! ha! ha! master wolf you may go away; ha! ha! ha!"

The wolf gnashed his teeth and growled. He looked very fierce at the little kid, but he could not reach her. The kid went from the window, but the wolf still heard her "ha! ha! ha!" as she laughed at him safe inside the stable.

The wolf went away, and soon afterward the goat came back. She knocked at the door. The little kid asked, "Who is there?"

"It is I, your Mother, darling," said the goat.

"You speak like my mother; but I will be sure," said the kid, "before I open the door. If you are my mother really, you will not mind waiting while I look out of the window."

So again the kid looked out of the window, and when she saw it was her own mother, she ran quickly and opened the door.

"Dear Mother," said she, "such a large, cruel wolf has been here; but I did as you bade me; I looked out of the window before I opened the door."

"Dear kid," said the goat, and she licked her with her tongue; "good kid, wise little kid. If you had not obeyed me, that cruel, greedy wolf would have eaten you up, and you would never have seen your mother again. Good child, to do as I bade you."

And then the goat gave the kid the fine lettuce and cabbage she had brought home with her.

EAVESDROPPER, THE UGLY DWARF *

Once there was an ugly old dwarf; though such a little *bit* of a man, he had the biggest ears you ever saw. He was such a queer-looking fellow that people would not go near him, if they could help it. He lived in a place that was called "Tattlers' Row," in a little old house he called "Keyhole."

This house had but one small window, and he was always either peering through it to see what he could see, or putting one of his big ears against it to hear everything that the people in Tattlers' Row might have to say as they passed by. Then he would run to tell his next-door neighbor, Miss Busybody, what he had heard, and she would hasten to tell what he had told her, and, as it was often something not very nice about some of their neighbors, this would stir up a big quarrel.

Now, these people were not bad-natured or spiteful and they did not wish to quarrel. But they knew, so long as this ugly old dwarf, Eavesdropper, lived there to tell all that he had heard with his big ears to Miss Busybody, there could be no peace. So in many ways they tried to get rid of him; but all to no purpose.

One day a fairy appeared among them, whose name was Good Heart. She said: "I know what mischief Eavesdropper has done among you, and I will tell you how to cure him. Here is a bottle of magic oil. It is the 'Oil of Kindness.' Watch, and when he is asleep some time ask Miss Busybody to steal softly in and drop some into his ears. Tell her it will be a good joke, for it will make his ears get very small. She is always ready for anything, and she will surely do it, just to make a stir; for she will not know that he can never again

* By Kate McDowell. Used by permission of *The Outlook*.

bring her any more news. This oil will make his ears so little that he will not be able to hear anything from his window again, and Miss Busybody will have to go somewhere else for her news."

So they did as the good fairy had told them to do; and after Miss Busybody had poured the "Oil of Kindness" into Eavesdropper's ears they got so small you could scarcely see them. He never could hear anything at his window again, and so the people liked him much better after that. Miss Busybody, whose hands had touched the wonderful oil, put her fingers in her mouth, and so she could say nothing more about people that was not good. Then everybody in Tattlers' Row stopped saying things that were not nice about their neighbors, and in a little while the place was so changed that it went by the name of Good-will Valley.

TRADING HORSES

"CLUMP, clump, clump; jolt, jolt, jolt," down the road lumbered the big brown horse at a jog-trot, Farmer Andrew bouncing upon his broad back. In the shade of an oak tree the rider drew rein, took off his wide-brimmed hat and wiped the beads of perspiration from his sunburned forehead. "Thou wast never meant for riding, Frank, old boy," he addressed the horse. "Thy huge hoofs stir the dust like a flock of sheep"—he slapped the thick neck affectionately.

Far down the road came the light rapid sound of swift trotting and the rattle of wheels. A slender black horse with proudly arched neck rounded the curve. Farmer Andrew waved his hat.

"How art thou, Benjamin?" he called to the man, a distant neighbor, who drew up beside him.

"Well, I thank thee, and thyself?"

"Somewhat sore with the pounding this gentle beast deals me, otherwise well."

"I was just admiring thy animal. He is scarcely the build of a riding horse, however." Benjamin looked at the great iron-shod feet overhung with hair.

"Nay—he is most excellent for heavy farm work, but I need rather a light horse for the saddle or carriage, such as thy high-stepping charger there," Andrew answered.

"And I was about to sell my Prince to buy a cart horse." Benjamin had a sudden thought, "Why should we not exchange and both be suited?"

Andrew nodded—"A most excellent idea. Let us do so."

The saddle and buggy were soon changed, and each man drove off well pleased with his new horse.

* * * * * * *

"Lickety-lop, lickety-lop," down the same road, over the brown leaves the oak tree had shed, rode Farmer Andrew, rising and falling easily with the rhythmical motion of his black Prince. Months ago at this place he had met Farmer Benjamin, and the horse trade had been made. He had not seen his friend since that day: the transaction weighed upon his mind, for surely Benjamin must have gotten the worst of the bargain. Prince had turned out to be exactly what Andrew wanted. He had finally decided to visit Benjamin and pay him twenty-five dollars additional for the difference in value of the two horses. Now, as he looked ahead on the leafy road, again he saw Benjamin approaching, this time in a farm wagon, drawn by the sturdy Frank. As soon as greetings were exchanged, before Andrew could explain his errand, Benjamin cried:

"I have been ashamed of myself Andrew, ever since we made our trade. Certainly I have gotten the better of thee. Frank is a marvel of strength and patience. It seems no load is too heavy for him. I determined, therefore, to stop at thy house today, after market, and make our account nearer even by the payment of this small sum," and he handed Andrew a roll of bills.

Before looking at the money, Andrew drew from his pocket the twenty-five dollars and placed it in Benjamin's hand.

"I was just now on my way to thy house on the same errand, for I have felt that I cheated thee in obtaining such an excellent horse as Prince."

Each man unrolled the bills curiously, and each found the same amount. They looked at one another and burst into merry laughter.

"Truly, Friend," cried Andrew, "we may now enjoy our horses with clear consciences!"

THE LAST BATTLE

In the blue gum forest of Australia, Joseph Jefferson, the famous actor, sat on a fallen tree eating his lunch. He had left his home station and was making an excursion into the wilder and more unfrequented parts of the country. In the midst of the solitude he was startled by a large black dog that came bounding out of the bushes and suddenly stopped in front of him. The dog paused, eyed him keenly, approached slowly to lick the hand held out to him, and bounded away. Soon he returned wagging his tail. He was followed by the gaunt figure of a man, evidently a shepherd, thinly clad, barefooted, with a wide-brimmed, frayed straw hat on his head which he immediately removed with a dignified bow. As he stood bareheaded, with the long, thin, sandy hair blown about his brow, he gazed at Joseph Jefferson with a queer far-off look in his eyes. It was a look common to shepherds who live for months without seeing a human being, and who form the habit of straining their eyes across the plains in the hope that they will catch sight of someone to give them a little companionship.

The man sat down quickly and ate sparingly of the lunch offered him. At the end of the meal Jefferson took out a flask of whiskey and invited his guest to drink. The shepherd's eyes beamed with longing when he saw the liquor; then turning on Jefferson a strange, frightened look, he cried out almost fiercely: "No, none of that! Put it away, please!"

It then dawned on Jefferson that his friend was perhaps a reformed drunkard, who, like others he had heard of, had chosen this life of a shepherd, the most isolated that could be found, in order to avoid temptation.

As Jefferson rose to go, the man begged him to spend the night in his hut adding, "It's so long since I have seen a human face; over three months." At first the actor declined, but the shepherd looked so despairing that he finally consented. The dog, barking joyfully, led the way to a crude little mud hut about a mile away.

After the sun had gone down and the two men had drunk tea together, Jefferson heard the story of the stranger's life. There was no sound except the distant tinkle of the sheep's bell and the crackling of the little fire that had boiled the tea; and Jefferson thought as he listened that the loneliness, bad enough with two men, must be crushing for only one. The man had been well educated and had practised law successfully in London. After two years of married life he lost his wife and child, and in despair began to drink. Rapidly he lost his money and position, and with a broken spirit left England for Australia, where he thought that by putting liquor far out of his reach he could escape the temptation that gripped him. Then Jefferson realized what he had done when he carelessly offered this poor soul a drink of whiskey, and had thus stirred within him all the old appetite and longing that he had come so far to avoid.

At last, as it was late, the two men went to bed, the guest upon the only cot, the host on the grass outside. But Joseph Jefferson could not sleep. After lying for perhaps an hour with his eyes closed, he heard something stirring. Opening his eyes, he saw the shepherd sitting in the doorway with his head resting on his hands. Then the shepherd became uneasy and began restlessly pacing up and down in front of the hut. Presently he stopped and came with a hesitating step toward the door. Entering, he stooped down on hands and knees and crawled stealthily to the chair on which Jefferson's coat was hanging. With trembling eagerness he put his hand in the

breast pocket and drew out the flask of whiskey. He gazed at it a moment bewildered, then some strange emotion seizing him, he fell upon his knees as though in prayer. Through several minutes of deathly silence Jefferson knew that there in the darkness a soul was struggling in agony, and that he had caused the conflict.

Suddenly the shepherd rose and with calm, unhurried movements, put the flask untouched back into the pocket of the coat; then stretching himself on the floor, he went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the shepherd, with a glad look in his eyes where before there had been only lonely despair, explained it all to Jefferson.

"The old craving came upon me strong," he said, "and if ever I prayed for strength it was then. After a moment it was as though a hand were laid on my head and a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years. When I returned the flask to your pocket I knew that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips. It is all over now, thank Heaven, and I can return to the world again with safety."

THE MEETING THAT WOULDN'T BREAK UP

All little Quaker boys and girls know that a meeting for worship comes to a close when two Friends in the gallery shake hands. Now I am going to tell you a story about a meeting that would not break up. Did the Friends at the head of the meeting forget to shake hands, you are wondering? No, that was not the reason, but let me tell you the story.

In the year 1797 there was a young people's meeting held in the old Abington Meeting House, a youth's meeting they called it in those days. The meeting gathered into a wonderful quiet; even the very little children felt the power of that stillness. "Heavenly Father," they prayed in their hearts, "what can I do to help this meeting?" Minute after minute passed and the Friends sat motionless, each in his own heart praying to his Heavenly Father.

After a time James Simpson, a stoop-shouldered man, arose in the gallery and began to speak. His face was so earnest and his voice so full of feeling that no one seemed to notice how bent was his form or how strange his costume. Many of those present thought to themselves, "He speaks to my condition." "God has sent him in answer to my prayer." He sat down and a deep silence again came over the meeting. In that stillness every one had a feeling of nearness and love for every one else.

Then Nicholas Waln rose to his feet. He preached for about an hour and then he knelt and prayed. When he had finished many eyes were filled with tears and many souls had resolved to follow more closely in the Master's steps. It seemed that the Heavenly Father Himself had come into the meeting to love and bless those gathered there.

At last, after a very solemn stillness, those at the head of the gallery shook hands in token that the meeting had closed. But the meeting did not close, for no one moved. No one was willing to break that silence; no one was ready to leave the glowing beauty of that hour. After a while Nicholas Waln said, "Under the solemn covering that we are favored with, perhaps Friends had better separate." A few young men near the door then rose in a very quiet manner, but seeing that no one else followed, they sat down again. And again that sweet and awful silence prevailed. Then Richard Jordan broke forth into the song of triumph which greeted Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" And he spoke words of praise for the wonderful realization of God's presence in their midst. After a pause he shook hands with the Friend by his side and the meeting ended. But all the Friends were so moved by the power of the meeting that they did not stop to chat but quietly went their separate ways.

THE WHITE PEBBLE *

Once upon a time there was a princess who was going to have a birthday party. The king and the queen had sent out a great many invitations. The princess was to have the largest birthday cake anyone had ever seen. It was to be covered with pink icing, and it was to have seven pink candles on each slice.

Everyone was talking of the party. "What are you going to wear?" they asked. "What are you going to carry for a present?"

"I suppose we must take her a birthday present," they sighed, "but it is foolish to take the princess anything. She has more now than she knows what to do with—why, she has everything!" However, they went on buying boxes of candy, flowers, dressed dolls, picture books, games, boxes of letter-paper, hair ribbons, handkerchiefs, folderols and gloves. Everyone tried to spend as much or as little money as possible to make the gifts seem great.

There was one guest who had no money with which to buy a present and that was a little brown elf. He did not think about what he should wear to the princess's party. All he thought was, "Oh, what can I give the dear princess? I want to give her something so much! I want to give her the loveliest thing in all the wide, wide world—and I have no money! I don't want to go empty-handed."

He thought, and he thought. "Perhaps I could earn some money," he said. "I will try."

* From *The Bluebird's Garden*, by Patten Beard. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

So when Mr. Bee of the garden came a-buzzing by, the little brown elf called out, "Hoo-oo! Mr. Bee!—Hoo-oo! I'll go very fast to all your flowers for you and I'll get the honey, if you will let me. Then *you* can take a rest!"

Mr. Bee looked rather surprised.

"I just want enough money to buy the princess a birthday present," the little brown elf started to explain—but Mr. Busy Bee had buzzed busily by and paid no attention! Mr. Busy Bee was not used to being spoken to when he was so busy! He was not used to sitting down to rest. He never thought of anything but work. Why, it is even to be doubted whether he knew that the princess was to have a party. Certainly he took no time to consider it.

So the little brown elf walked on. Presently, he came to Mrs. Lilly-flower's garden patch. It was looking rather dry. "Oh, Mrs. Lilly-flower," said the little brown elf, "I will draw you bucketfuls of dew this evening if you will just give me a bit of your gold! I want to buy a present for the princess."

But Mrs. Lilly-flower shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm sure it is going to rain soon."

So the little brown elf walked on. It was the same everywhere. He ran from one place to another. He tried everything that he could think of, but no one wanted an errand boy or a general helper.

The time passed quickly. By and by the very day of the party arrived. Everyone was beautifully dressed; everyone had presents wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with gay ribbons; but there was one person who had nothing, and that was the little brown elf.

"What can I carry to the princess? What, oh! what can I carry to the princess for a birthday present?" the little brown elf asked himself sadly.

He had nothing of his own—nothing at all of his own to give. He would not let himself grow discouraged, even in the face of great difficulty. "I will go and seek about in the woods and fields," he decided. "There are always lovely treasures to be picked up, if one can but find them there."

So he set forth.

He had not gone very far when he saw a dainty bird's nest swinging in a tree. "Oh," thought he, "surely no one will carry such a pretty thing as this to the princess! How she would like to see it!" Yet the nest belonged to a little gray bird and the little brown elf did not take it. It was not his to take. He never so much as thought of disturbing the four speckled eggs that lay there so cosily.

He went on his way, and whistled to keep himself merry.

Presently, he came to a strawberry patch. In it were large juicy berries. "Oh, how I should like to gather some for the princess," thought the little brown elf—but he hurried on and whistled to keep up his courage. "I am afraid that I have nothing and that I can find nothing to give the princess," he sighed. While he sighed, he rubbed his eyes. When he rubbed his eyes, he stubbed his toe! Down in the dust went the little brown elf—all in a little brown heap!

But he picked himself up and dusted his clothes. Then he looked down to see what had made him stumble. There, lying in the path was a round, white pebble. It was so white and so round that the little brown elf picked it up at once. Indeed, it was a lovely smooth stone, and it would have gone happily into the little elf's pocket as a treasure of his very own, had he not thought at once, "Why, *this* is pretty enough to give to the princess!"

Now he whistled because he was truly happy. He began to polish his pebble till its smooth, white surface shone. With the pebble in his hand, he set forth to the birthday party.

When at last he reached the palace he found that everyone was beautifully dressed. Everyone carried packages wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with ribbons. In the packages were wonderful birthday presents—candy, flowers, dolls, picture books, games, boxes of letter-paper, hair ribbons, handkerchiefs, and gloves.

But the little brown elf went with the rest. He held the white pebble fast in his hand. It was not tied up in tissue paper and there was no gay ribbon on it.

Everyone pushed and tried to be first, but the little brown elf waited patiently for his turn at the end of the line. The princess had been wished "Happy Birthday" many, many times before it came the little brown elf's turn. She had opened all the wonderful parcels, wrapped in tissue paper, and had seen all the big boxes of candy, the lovely ribbons, the beautiful dolls that could open and shut their eyes, the lacy beribboned folderols. She had looked at the fine picture books, and the jolly games. She had admired the letter-paper in its pretty boxes. She had admired the dainty handkerchiefs and the handsome gloves. She was very tired.

When she saw the little brown elf at the end of the line, she looked at him with friendly eyes. "Have you a present, too?" she asked.

He nodded. "I wish that it was ever so much more than it is," he explained. "It is only a white pebble but I think it is beautiful."

Then the little brown elf presented his gift. The princess smiled. "Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, "how lovely! How wonderful!" She danced about and clapped her hands. Everyone came running to see what the princess's last birthday gift might be—it seemed to please her more than anything else she had received!

"A lucky stone! A lucky stone!" all cried. "Now, the princess will always be happy forever and ever!"

Whether or not the princess believed in lucky stones I do not know, but she loved the little brown elf's present more than all the boxes of candy, the flowers, the dolls, the picture books, the games, the boxes of letter-paper, the hair ribbons, the handkerchiefs, and the gloves that she had received.

And there was someone else that day who was happy; it was the little brown elf, who had given the best that he had to the princess, and who, because he had made his gift in the right spirit, had made the very best gift of all.

THE MUD WASP

Molly lay in the hammock on the shady end of the porch and scowled at the sun shining between the morning-glory leaves. She was usually a happy little girl, and the frown did not come naturally to her face. Now the ugly line between her eyes made her look very unhappy. The whole trouble was that her mother, who was making currant jelly, had asked her to pick a few more currants from the bushes in the garden The evening before Molly had thought it was fun to help pick, but now the garden was hot and sunny. Mother, too busy in the kitchen to come herself, wanted three more boxes to fill a kettle. Molly said that she was tired of picking currants, and the more she thought about it the more tired she grew. She decided that her back ached with bending over so much, though she hadn't noticed the ache before.

"Next winter, will you want currant jelly with your roast meat or hot cakes, Molly?" Mother's voice came from the kitchen. Molly did not answer.

"Because if you do, now is the time to get ready for it," the voice went on.

Molly lay and considered. Was there any use in thinking about winter now, in hot summertime, or in bothering to prepare for it if you didn't feel like working?

Suddenly her rebellious thoughts were disturbed by a sharp high, buzzing sound, very thin, and continuing for some time without a pause. It was not like the buzz or hum of any insect she had ever heard. She looked around carefully all over the vines near her head, but the sound seemed to come from the other side. Finally she discovered three peculiar objects arranged side by side on the wooden shutter of the porch

window. They looked like tiny clay tunnels, larger around than lead pencils, fastened flat to the rough wood and so close to each other that their walls touched. A black wasp appeared to be nibbling at the lower end of one clay tunnel, and as it moved its head from side to side it made the queer shrill buzzing noise. Molly lay very quiet and watched. The wasp was close enough to her head for her to see each movement. Its little black head, feelers and first pair of legs all together seemed to be working at the edge of the tunnel. She noticed the clay at the edge was darker, as if wet, and that instead of nibbling it away, as she first thought, the wasp was adding to it, pressing and fingering it into shape.

Molly often talked with animals and flowers, and now she was about to ask the wasp what it was doing when the buzzing noise stopped and it flew away. She had forgotten all about currants and backaches by this time, and sat breathlessly waiting, hoping the wasp would return. Sure enough, in a minute back it came, long legs hanging, and firmly clutching in its jaws a round ball of dark mud larger than its own head. Molly had learned long ago, when she first talked with outdoor things, not to startle them with a sudden noise, so now, though she was very eager, she only whispered softly, "Wasp, what in the world are you doing?"

The wasp flitted its wings nervously and almost dropped the ball.

"Don't speak to me, Molly, till I get this spread. It dries horribly in this heat," it mumbled irritably, as though its mouth was full of hot mush.

Molly watched in patient silence while the wasp, with the same shrill buzzing as before, smeared the fresh mud neatly along the edge of the tunnel and patted it into shape.

"Now, what is it you want to know?" it asked a little wearily, pausing to wipe its feelers with its forelegs.

"I just asked what you are making. I would like to know all about it," Molly murmured very meekly.

"There's not much to tell, I'm sure. I am a Mud Wasp and I'm building a mud house to lay my eggs in. I put them in these cells—seal up the ends—there they are, safe over the winter."

"What becomes of the eggs then, and why do you worry about winter now, when it's only July?" asked Molly.

The wasp waved a disdainful feeler. "I'm not *worrying* about winter, I am just getting ready for it. Everyone has to do that, even people—unless they are lazy little girls. Next spring my eggs will hatch into young wasps, who will bore their way out of their clay house into the warm sunlight. Buzz, buzz!—mustn't waste time this way! The mud at the edge of the lily pond is in fine condition this morning."

"Mud Wasp," cried Molly, sitting up straight in the hammock as the wasp raised its wings to be off, "does every thing work so hard, even when it is hot, to make all safe for winter-time? What makes them do it?"

"Don't ask me. Something tells me to build my clay tunnels and lay my eggs, so I obey. Good-bye, Molly."

Molly sat for several moments thinking very hard. As she saw the wasp returning, loaded with another ball of mud, she jumped from the hammock and ran into the house.

"Mother," she called eagerly, "where are the berry boxes? I'm going to pick currants and help you get ready for next winter."

MAISIE'S FIRST MEETING

It was a dark winter morning. Maisie lay quiet in her little white bed. She had just opened her eyes and was blinking to get awake. Suddenly her ears told her something. "Maisie, the rain is racing down the rainpipe." Now her mind woke up. "Today is Sunday," it said, "and I am afraid it will be pretty long. You cannot take the usual afternoon walk with your father, nor play in the garden."

Maisie pulled the covers up almost to her ears, and would have taken another nap had not a voice called to her, "Jump up, daughter, it is breakfast time." Then Maisie sprang out of bed.

An hour later the meal was finished and she had run up the street to Cousin Sarah's doorstep. Maisie had no rubbers nor raincoat. She was a little English girl, so she wore heavy shoes with thick soles, and because it was raining she had on a dark blue flannel dress, a dark blue flannel cape and a blue cap.

Maisie always went to Bible school with Cousin Sarah. "Why does she not come to the door?" said Maisie, knocking again. Cousin Sarah opened it that very minute with a "Good morning, dearie, we must hurry." And they started.

It rained as they went to Bible school. It rained harder while they were having the lesson. It rained hardest of all as the children sang the closing hymn.

"How shall I get to church with father and mother?" thought Maisie. "I wonder if they will expect me?" Then Bible school was over and she was standing by Cousin Sarah.

"I think you would better come to meeting with me to-day,"

that lady said. "I am sure that your mother would think it best."

Maisie smiled, and Cousin Sarah put her hand on the little girl's shoulder as they stepped quietly through a doorway into a dull-looking room. They took their places four benches from the front, where some Friends were already sitting in silence.

Maisie kept still a few minutes. She was thinking, "It is *so* quiet; will they never sing?" But no one seemed likely to. She changed her position. Cousin Sarah pulled a little stool out from under the bench. "Put your feet on this," she said softly.

"Why do Friends want everything brown?" thought Maisie. "Don't they like pretty, bright windows and red carpet?" Turning to Cousin Sarah, Maisie was about to ask the question when she noticed that all the Friends sat with bowed heads. They seemed far away. "They are not away," thought Maisie, "they are really here. Maybe they are with God, and that makes them seem away." Cousin Sarah had once said to Maisie, "God meets with Friends in the silence."

Maisie sat quietly looking at the Friend on the front bench. "I believe God is speaking to her," Maisie thought. "Her face shines as Moses' face shone when God talked to him."

Maisie glanced around the room for a time, but there was nothing to interest her. Soon she was looking up into the Friend's face again.

"Maybe God wonders why I don't talk to Him," she thought. Then two lines came into her head:

> In this quiet meeting hour
> Teach me, Jesus, of thy power.

Maisie liked the little verse she had made. She said it in a quiet whisper several times. She seemed to see a picture

of Jesus laying his hands on a sick boy's head. She could see the boy smile and look as though his pain were better.

Then the tinkle, tinkle of the rain was so loud that Maisie could not see the picture of Jesus any more. But a happy feeling came into her heart, and she thought, "To-morrow, if it doesn't rain, I'll take 'Muff' over for Molly, the lame girl, to pet. She never had a big Angora pussy-cat."

Then suddenly Cousin Sarah leaned over and kissed Maisie. The Friends were shaking hands, and meeting was over.

"Has everyone talked to God all she needs to this morning, Cousin Sarah?" said Maisie.

"Yes, dear."

"I talked to Him, too," said Maisie. And Cousin Sarah kissed the little girl again as they started toward the door.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER

It was a warm afternoon in September. The schoolhouse doors were wide open; flies buzzed around the big, rusty stove which would not be fired for another month; the place was quiet. All the children had burst out and dispersed in different directions almost a half hour ago.

All but one boy, Jacob Burnley. He was now on his hands and knees on the worn, gray, stone step at the side door of the schoolroom. He looked at the shining mica in the step and thought, "I wish that was all silver, and that it was mine." That day Jacob had very adroitly and rather unexpectedly to himself, taken a quarter from one of the desks at lunch hour, and had put it in his dinner pail. When school was out he was afraid to take the pail, fearing that the money might jingle and so betray him.

Now, he remembered that the old schoolmaster would be at his desk, as was his daily custom, long after the hour of dismissal. Jacob, therefore, was planning to creep in very silently—his seat was second from the door—get the pail, and run. He felt too guilty to go freely in for it, when many times before he had left it behind as of no consequence.

Jacob had put his head in, and was just drawing his bare feet up for a further movement when he heard words spoken. He drew quickly back, waited and listened. He could tell by the tone of voice that the schoolmaster was at prayer.

Jacob had always unconsciously recognized the religious influence of "Master." The schoolroom was evidence of the teacher's effort, with his rules—one hundred altogether—on the walls, for the purpose of character training. The old man

had a tender heart, and a sincere desire to touch the deeper life in his pupils.

"Oh, Lord," the schoolmaster's voice continued, "help me to guide my scholars in thy way, for narrow it is, and wide is the path that leadeth to destruction."

Jacob was not interested, and was just rising to a creeping position once more when his own name was spoken. "Oh, Lord, give me wisdom to direct Jacob Burnley. I know he is not straightforward: help me, our Father, to make an upright, manly boy of him." Jacob drew back the third time, his blood ran cold, he actually shivered. He waited, uncertain what to do. Just as the prayer was drawing to a close, he backed out quickly and almost noiselessly. Then he ran, he never had run so fast in all his life, past the church and the graveyard; past the little village store; past the mill and up the stony hill behind it into the woods. His pace slackened for nothing, he stumbled, he floundered, up, up until he came to the spring and the little stream which bubbled over shining pebbles. There he dropped like one shot down, and lay motionless.

After an hour, during which time he had decided upon a dozen different courses of action—the first being to run away, the second to play truant, the last, to go early to school and return the quarter—he got up, washed his face at the brook, and went slowly home.

Jacob's home was not really a home, it was only a dwelling place, for his mother had died five years ago, and his father was busy and stern.

Jacob had been a lonely boy for some time, and his one good friend—he saw it clearly now—was the schoolmaster.

"I'll go very early tomorrow," Jacob was saying to himself, "and return the quarter; then I'll get the bucket of spring water so 'Master' can have a drink when he comes."

That night Jacob knelt to say his prayers. He had not

bothered much about them for some time. Then, when he lay wideawake on his straw mattress, the one hundred rules, which "Master" had had repeated by all the scholars in unison every morning for years, seemed to flash with new meaning into the boy's inner vision.

"Always tell the truth and always keep your promises," he began, and repeated each rule to the end of the one hundredth.

The next morning Jacob was at school early; he put the quarter in Bill Downes's desk, went for the water, and was almost at the schoolhouse door when he met the teacher.

"Well, Jacob, you have just what I need, a cool drink," said the schoolmaster kindly.

Jacob put down the bucket, then in a guilty way he looked up into the Master's face. "You—you—I—heard—your prayer last night—after—school—and—you need not worry about me again."

The old man's face lit up, he placed both hands on Jacob's shoulders, peered into the boy's eyes and said, "My boy, I was not going to worry again, for I had put my burden into the hands of the Lord. He will uphold us both with the right hand of his righteousness."

They went into the schoolhouse together, and the Master's heart was happy all the day in the knowledge that he had won a friend.

"WISE RIGHTLY, WISEST WRONGLY"

Once upon a time, there were two merchants whose names were Wise and Wisest. How they came to have such odd names, no one knows; but it is certain that Wisest, at least, believed that he was rightly called. For although Wise was his partner and was worth as much, no more and no less, Wisest usually acted as if he himself were older and wealthier and more important—in short, wisest, as his name implied.

Once it happened that they went into the country, each with five-hundred wagons full of things to sell. They had unusual luck, for they sold everything. There was left not even a kitchen spoon. They were driving back to the city, at the head of their long procession of empty wagons, when they began to talk about the money they had taken in and how they should divide it.

Wisest wanted a double share.

"It is because you are only Wise and I am Wisest, and Wise ought to have but one share to Wisest's two."

This seemed to Wise a most unjust proceeding. Had he not furnished as many wagons, full to the brim with goods, as Wisest? Had he not worked quite as hard persuading people to buy? He did not see why Wisest should have twice as much just because of his name, and he said so, over and over. But Wisest, who loved money and wanted all he could get, would not listen to Wise at all, and it looked as if they were to talk of nothing else all the way home.

At last, when they were in sight of the city, Wisest suggested that they put away their wagons and then go to a hollow tree they both knew and ask the Tree Sprite. Wise agreed, and for the present they said no more about the money.

No sooner was Wisest at home than he told his father all about it. He urged him to hide in the hollow trunk and, pretending to be the Tree Sprite, decide in Wisest's favor. The old man was more than willing, for he, too, loved money and would cheat anybody to get it.

Wise and Wisest went to the hollow tree. There was a large opening at the bottom, shaped like a fireplace, but above it the trunk was closed like a chimney, and it was in this closed part that the Tree Sprite was supposed to dwell.

Wise and Wisest stood side by side and said in concert:

"Lord Tree Sprite, decide our cause."

The Tree Sprite asked what it was all about, so each man told his side of the story.

The Tree Sprite then replied in solemn tones:

"Wise should have one share, Wisest two."

Wisest appeared delighted with this decision as if it were all settled, but something familiar in the voice made Wise wonder if it were really a Tree Sprite. He gathered an armful of straw, and piling it in the hole like a fireplace, set it to blazing. This was too much for Wisest's father. He came clambering out at the top of the trunk and jumped down in a hurry. Then he said:

> Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly, got his name,
> Through Wisest, I'm nigh roasted in the flame.

After that, Wisest was satisfied with half of the money, and Wise continued to show that he was well named by going into business for himself.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

THE perfect serenity of a star-lit April night was broken by the chorus of piping frogs from a little valley. The road, winding down an abrupt hillside, lost itself in the shadow of a tangled grove and reappeared beside the stretch of marsh grass in which the peepers made merry. Now and then came the chiding "boom" of an old bullfrog, like a teacher reminding the children that this was a solemn occasion, but the impudent youngsters paid no attention.

To the man crouched behind the alder bushes the tranquility of the night seemed to mock the storm within himself. Up the hill, still out of sight, his straining ears caught the sound of a horse's hoof clattering among the loose stones of the hard dirt road. As he listened, a gust of horror at the thing he was about to do shook him and the throbbing of his heart stifled him. But he kept his eyes steadily upon the little stretch of white road that the horse and rider must pass before they entered the deep shadow of the trees beside him.

Although many times before the highwayman had thus lain in wait for some unsuspecting traveller, he never ceased to hate this means of snatching a living from the world. While a young man, with good prospects as a skilful carpenter, he had been unjustly accused of stealing a bag of money from the boss's carriage and was condemned to a year's imprisonment. With prison behind him, bitter and proud, he had tried to pick up his old trade, only to find that no one would give him employment. He tried desperately to win the confidence and friendship which he coveted, only to be met with suspicion. Finally he gave up the struggle and determined to live up to his bad reputation.

Around the bend, the horse picking its way carefully, came his victim. The glow of the stars shone upon his slightly upturned face, and the highwayman noted with the eye of an expert that the rider was about middle height, strong and thick-set, with a firm seat that would be hard to upset, and long muscular arms that could doubtless deal mighty blows. It was a point of pride with the highwayman never to allow the apparent strength of his opponent to take away his nerve, and he immediately became perfectly calm as the rider entered the shadow and clattered across the loose planks of a tiny bridge.

Two quick strides and the highwayman was at the horse's head, had seized the rein, and though the horse leaped to one side, rearing and jerking its head violently, he clung grimly, shielding his head with his left arm from the expected blow from above.

"Steady—Bess—steady!" commanded the rider, and the horse stood trembling.

The highwayman whipped out a pistol, crying fiercely, "Your purse, or I shoot!"

To his amazement a calm voice replied, "If thou wouldst not pull her mouth she would stand more quietly. Her mouth has always been most sensitive."

The highwayman thought rapidly—a trick to gain time—the man is armed—unfrightened—and will resist desperately. He ducked his head under the horse's neck and the animal started nervously.

"Whoa, Bess! Hush, girl! Here is my purse containing all that I have with me, except a one-pound note in the near saddle-bag. A neighbor's wife gave that to me with samples of the calico I am to buy her."

The highwayman braced himself, for the gesture of that strong arm above must certainly mean resistance. But the hand only held a fat leather wallet and he loosed the reins to

snatch it. As he did so the horse's shoulder knocked the pistol from his hand.

"Get off your horse or I'll shoot it from under you!" the highwayman cried, leaping to the side of the road as the horse pranced on the spot where the weapon lay. "On the instant, I tell you!"

The rider pulled down his horse, sat motionless for a breathless moment, then swung himself down slowly, without a word. The robber darted forward, leaped into the saddle and jerked the horse about to make his escape before his uncanny victim should open fire. A hand on the reins stopped him, and to his amazement the man said:

"I have given thee what thou asked for, but thou wilt have to render an account of it before God. By the holy Light that shines within each one of us, how dost thou dare thus to ignore thy Master's voice, pleading with thee to turn aside from the paths of evil to follow him?"

The tension broke as the highwayman realized with anger that the man, instead of resisting, was preaching to him. All the bitterness of his life spoke in his snarl, "Loose the reins and hold your tongue, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Nay, friend, thy weapon lies in the dirt. But though I would not give my life for my money or my horse, I would give it to save thy soul."

The highwayman was struck by a new and almost unbelievable thought. This man knew before he dismounted that the pistol had fallen; he had every advantage with which to either strike or flee, and yet he had quietly given what was asked with no sign of fear—indeed he spoke almost with gentleness. Could it be that God, of whom the highwayman had not thought for years, was speaking to him? In a swift panic he leaped from the horse, pressed the wallet with a hurried "Take it, take it!" into the good man's hands. Turn-

ing, he plunged down the road, but as he ran he heard, "Mayst thou receive guidance from above, and if I, Leonard Fell, can do aught to aid thee——" He ran on, but despair had left him. He became suddenly aware of a strange stirring in his soul that somehow seemed in harmony with the beauty of the night.

THE CHISELED FACE

Old François sat in the autumn sunshine by the door of his stone cottage. He lived on the very edge of a once happy French village. It was early afternoon, and as the German patrol had passed on its round, and would not return for several hours, François felt a sense of freedom. Into the rough basket by his side he threw handfuls of shreds, made from an old garment, to be used in place of string for tying up his cauliflower plants, on the morrow. A neighbor passed, merely nodded, and went on.

"How strange things are," she said to herself. "No joke with François! Whoever would have believed it four years ago! The poor old stone-carver must have found it hard to work in the fields. How sad he looks, and thin, he that was always so fat, with a merry twinkle in his eye, too." She smiled as she thought of François dropping into her cottage to sing a new snatch of song—through his nose—his cap on the side of his head. Yes, François had always lent the comic element to the village group.

"Well, they can't stay forever," he had said of the Germans, just as the housewife said, "Ah, the flies will go when frost comes."

But the prospect was that the Germans would stay forever. That very morning his daughter, because she was ill, had been sent away with some others back to a part of France that the Germans had not invaded. Now he was left alone to care for her little Julie. He was troubled, because he was so old that he might be sent away very soon, too, and in the meantime he had to spend long hours in the fields.

"Food, food," sighed François, "it is ever food!" Sud-

denly he thought of Julie. He was not looking after the little one. He put the remaining shreds in his basket, rose, and crept noiselessly around to the north corner of the cottage. "Perhaps she is playing on the stones," he said. Yes, there she was, poor little Julie! quiet as a mouse, hugging an old rag doll-baby and—thinking.

Tears filled old François' eyes as he hesitated a moment, to watch the deserted child. "Ah, why would they not send her with her mother?" François sighed, turned and entered the cottage. He had much to do in a few hours, for his mind was made up to one thing, at least; to-morrow he would take little Julie to the school of the Good Sisters in the next village; then, if the dear God granted his prayer, he would finish cutting the stone face before anything more happened.

He went to the clothes-press, hoping that Julie's things were ready. Yes, there they lay, in a small pile, clean and neat. He got a little basket and laid each garment in tenderly. "Poor baby! poor Julie! with no father or mother at home, not even a grandmother to love her!" "Oh, well, they can't stay forever."

He closed the basket, looked at the clock, and decided that he could go to the cathedral for a little work on the stone face.

How well he remembered the day before the Great War, when he had asked permission of the foreman to do the carving in the gable. "No, no," the man had replied, "it is too high from the ground, Grandfather, you might lose your head and fall."

"But," François had persisted, "I am not so old, and see how stout I am. My head is yet very good, monsieur."

The foreman had laughed. "Very well," he said, and with that François began what he meant to be his greatest work of devotion and praise to God.

"But see," said François, suddenly returning from his

reverie, "am I losing my head, to stand gaping at the clock, and only two hours before the patrol returns!"

Hastily calling Julie and taking her little hand in his big one, he left the cottage and went down the hill to the cathedral.

The air was so fresh and the sky so blue that François felt gayer than usual. He would leave the child to play where he could watch her. Then, too, he would try today the new way of going up his stone ladder.

Only the walls of the church were erected, and with much pains, François had cut stones away to make a sort of stairway for himself to a window in the west wall, through which he might reach the upper scaffolding. These footholds were not noticeable, and he hoped that in secret he could continue his carving. Julie dropped down on the ground very languidly with her doll in her arms, and François, making sure that no one was about, slipped quickly inside the church, and began the ascent. He dared not be seen or his plan might fail. Ah, but it dare not fail. François felt that he had promised God to complete the stone face.

Up, up the improvised steps he went. He got on quite well, by grasping the wall firmly. Reaching the top scaffold, he took from his pocket the bit of bread which he hid each day, placed it in a hole in the wall, and closed the opening with a stone to keep it from the birds. Then he worked half an hour, climbed down, and, glad to find that he had been unobserved, took Julie quietly home again.

The next afternoon François put Julie in a small push-cart, with the basket of clothes, and established her at the Sisters' school. As he left, he turned to the picture of the Virgin on the wall, saying, "Holy Mother, thou wilt bless and care for little Julie while she is away from her own!" And François returned to his cauliflowers and to his secret carving.

TAKING HER LITTLE HAND IN HIS BIG ONE, HE LEFT THE COTTAGE

Six days later the German officer gave François his order for repatriation.

Now—it had come—the day! After the officer left, François remained standing with the paper in his hand. He felt stunned, but with the numbness was a sense of exhilaration. He had permission to leave the village. His mind reached out into the days ahead of him, his body stood motionless. He was making a great decision. Yes, he would risk it; it was his only chance to finish his work.

That afternoon François worked among his cauliflowers as usual. He tied them up carefully and put all his tools away. Then he went into the cottage, got out some food, hidden in a hole in the floor, and tied it in a red handkerchief. Next he said a short prayer, and reverently unhooking the wooden picture of the Virgin from the wall, wrapped it in another handkerchief and put it inside of his jacket where it would be safe.

These few preparations made, François occupied himself as usual until an hour after the patrol had passed. Then he stole quietly out of the cottage and across the fields to the cathedral.

Before going inside the wall, François sat down under a tree to listen. Not a sound reached his ears except the distant booming from the battle front. All was safe. He rose and entered the church to begin his perilous climb up the stairway in the twilight. He prayed as he groped for each step. When he reached the window, he rested, then, creeping through it, he got out on the upper scaffolding of the west wall. Now he could walk steadily up to the platform on which he worked.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, as he sank down exhausted at the top, "this is to be my sanctuary for many days. Wilt thou grant that this service may be finished before my body grows too feeble to work."

After this night, François began a new life. He awoke when

the day dawned, worked while it was safe, then rested, and worked again at times when the sound of his mallet would be unnoticed. He ate as little as possible, and drank little, though rainy days allowed him to catch water and refill his bottles. For two weeks François lived thus. The scanty food and the cold autumn weather told on his strength, but still he toiled on, trying to complete the pictured face of his Lord.

Finally a morning came when his arms were too weak to hold his tools. "Ah, well," said François, "I have all but finished the work. I will eat and drink more today, and perhaps the morning will bring more strength." In the afternoon, he dragged himself up with difficulty, and grasping the wall, got out his crust of bread, but sank back too exhausted to eat it.

The next day, and the next, François lay on his platform unable to rise to his work. The birds chirped, "Rouse up, François, the sun shines!" The fleecy white clouds threw shadows on his body. "Wake! François, wake! The day is fine!" they seemed to call, but the old mason heard nothing. And all the time the beautiful face of the Christ looked down on François' quiet body as though it said, "Thou hast loved me, François, I say to thee, arise!" So he lay.

Then a morning dawned clear and mild, when, suddenly, bells began to ring and whistles to blow; people shouted and laughed. The air seemed full of gladness. "Peace! Peace!" rang the bells. "Peace on earth! Peace! Peace!"

François opened his eyes. Joy filled his soul. Suddenly a voice reached his ears, "Father! Father!" It was his own son bending over him. "Rouse, Father! Listen! It is I, Jules, your son!" But François only smiled. "I found your chisel below, and so I searched for you," Jules continued; "oh, the Christ!" and little Julie's father gazed with awe upon

the stone face. "Thou Son of God," he murmured, "thou hast brought us peace. We thank thee."

Tenderly Jules lifted the shrunken body of the old man and bore him home.

François smiled at everyone but never spoke again, and before the family were reunited, he slept the long sleep in the shadow of the cathedral. But the chiseled face of the smiling Christ shines still upon all the village, bearing witness to the devotion of the old man who carved it there, and who cut the words beneath: "I am the way, follow thou Me."

THE QUIET VOICE

Two hundred years ago a baby boy was born who was called John—John Woolman. He came into a happy Quaker home, and although there were several other children, the father and mother had plenty of love for the new baby.

After a while little John began to go into the fields, and to watch the cows and sheep on the farm. Sometimes he played with his brothers and sisters, but often, as he grew to be a larger boy, he went off to the woods and thought about the stories his mother had read to him.

He could repeat the story of Abraham, and wondered how a father would feel who was told to go up to the mountain top and sacrifice his little boy. But Abraham heard God calling him just in time to keep him from putting Isaac on the fire. How obedient Abraham was! John wondered if his father and his neighbors were as obedient as Abraham and David and Noah were. He wondered if God would speak some day to him and whether he would understand his voice. He wanted very much to be called as Samuel was.

One pleasant spring day John's mother sent him on an errand to the neighbor's. He was to take a basket with jelly and fruit in it, for the neighbor's wife was sick, and John's mother was kind to sick people.

Suddenly, as he was passing under a big tree, he noticed a robin sitting on her nest, and as he drew nearer, she flew off with cries of fear. Around and around she went. He watched how she stayed near her little birds. Then, as she flew low and her wings nearly touched his head, John thought, "I wonder whether I could hit her."

He picked up a stone and tried. No, he missed her; he

found another and threw it, but failed again. Then he took a third stone, aimed well, and in a moment the mother bird fell to the ground, fluttered once, and lay dead.

"There," thought John, "I knew I could hit her." "But," said a voice within his heart, "Why, why hast thou killed an innocent creature?"

Poor little John! A feeling of horror came over him! He felt ill and faint and did not know what to do.

He looked up at the nest where the little birds opened their bills for food. Then he looked down at the mother bird lying so still on the ground. The birdlings would die without their mother's care; he slowly climbed the tree, took them out of the nest, and sorrowfully killed them.

Then he picked up his basket and moved quietly away to do his errand, but for several hours he was very unhappy over the suffering he had caused.

THE LITTLE COWHERD BROTHER *

Now Gopala was five years old and it was time for him to go to school in the village that lay beyond the forest on the edge of which he lived.

It was a long way through the forest and to the village; Gopala would see the women sitting by the edge of the road and grinding corn as yellow as gold between great stones. He would meet the dairyman carrying great pails of curds hung from a yoke over his shoulders. He would see bright flowers and then, before he reached the school, he would have to pass through the deep, green woods where the trees stood too closely together for him to be able to see the sunshine.

Gopala's mother was poor, but she had worked very hard to earn him a new tunic, made of fine linen, to wear when he first went to school. His mother had woven him a mat, also, upon which to sit when he learned his letters in the school, for they had no desks. He carried two palm leaves upon which he would write and some pens made of reeds.

So Gopala started for school.

He was so glad to go that the way did not seem long. He was good and studious in school and afterward he played for a while with the other little boys in the village. Then it was dark and Gopala, going home through the forest, thought that the trees were moving about and changing places so as to confuse him in finding his way, and he was afraid. He ran and ran, crying, "Mother!" But just when he could not run any farther he heard a voice calling to him, "Gopala! Gopala!"

* From *Stories Children Need*, by Carolyn S. Bailey. Used by permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company.

It was his mother come to meet him through the darkness, and so he was not afraid any longer.

But when the next morning came Gopala was again frightened, as he thought about going through the forest alone, and he told his mother that he could not go to school. This made his mother feel very sorrowful because she wished him to grow up a wise man. Some of the children had servants who walked with them through the forest, but Gopala's mother was too poor to pay for some one to walk with Gopala. She did not know what to do until, at last, she thought of the Child Krishna to whom she prayed and who it was said walked through the forest in various forms. Perhaps the Child Krishna would take care of Gopala, she thought.

"Do not be afraid, Gopala," his mother said. "In the forest you have a little Cowherd Brother. Call out to him and perhaps he will hear you and walk with you all the way to school."

So Gopala became suddenly quite joyous again and he started for school. When he came to the shadowy places in the forest, he called out as loudly as he could.

"My little Cowherd Brother! Oh, my little Cowherd Brother, come and walk with me!"

And as soon as he had spoken the words the leaves and grasses parted and a tall, beautiful boy stood before him. He wore a gold crown and in it a peacock's feather, and he carried a flute upon which he played. He took Gopala's hand and they played together, and he walked with Gopala all the way to school.

When it was evening, the Cowherd Brother was waiting for Gopala at the edge of the forest, and he walked with him until Gopala was in sight of home. Morning and evening, and then morning and evening again, he walked with Gopala, and each time he took away all Gopala's fear. Gopala told his mother

about how much he loved his Cowherd Brother and what good times they had together. It pleased his mother, but it did not surprise her in the least. She had felt sure that the Child Krishna would comfort another child.

One day after Gopala had been at school for some time the teacher said that he was going to give a party. This was as much as to tell each child to bring a present, for in that far-away land the school teachers were not paid. They had to depend for their living upon what gifts were made them by the parents of the little ones whom they taught. To think of the party at the school worried little Gopala. The other children would bring beautiful gifts, he knew, because many of them had rich parents. They would bring bright silks and rich fruits and grain and money. What could he bring, Gopala wondered, to the school teacher whom he had grown to love so dearly?

That was what Gopala's mother wondered too when he told her that there was to be a party at the school. She had nothing in the house to give way, for she was poorer than ever just then. She thought, at last, of the Child Krishna. Perhaps he would help them. She spoke to Gopala.

"To-morrow morning on your way to school you must speak to your little Cowherd Brother about this," she said. "Perhaps he will help us."

The next morning the two, Gopala and his little Cowherd Brother, walked and played together, as usual, but when they had almost reached the school, Gopala remembered that he had no gift for the teacher, and this was the day of the party.

"My little Cowherd Brother!" exclaimed Gopala, "this is the day of the party at the school and I have no present for the teacher. My mother is very poor and she would give him the best gift of all if she could, but she cannot."

" I do not know what I can give you. I am only a poor Cow-

herd boy," he said, "but if you will wait here I will see what I can find for you to give to the teacher." So the little Cowherd Brother ran into the deep, shadowy places of the forest. Presently he came back again. In his hands he carried a small bowl of curds. "This is all that I have for you," he said. "Take it to your teacher."

Gopala felt that it was a rather poor gift, and when he saw the lovely gifts of the other children, he felt quite ashamed of his little bowl of curds. The children crowded around him and made fun of it, and Gopala began to cry. Seeing his trouble, the teacher came to him and put his hands on his head and said, "It is a beautiful present, Gopala." So Gopala laughed through his tears and was no longer afraid.

Then the teacher took the bowl and emptied the curds into a larger bowl. They filled the larger bowl and still the little bowl was full. He poured them into a still larger bowl and then into another and another. It was always the same; he could fill as many bowls as he liked, but still the little bowl of the Cowherd Brother was full. He gave all the children as much as they could eat, and they had never before tasted such curds. It was as if the taste of rich cakes and fruits and preserves had all been blended into one and they could eat as much as they liked, for there was always more to be poured from the little bowl into the larger ones.

"This is very strange, Gopala," said the teacher. "Who gave you this bowl of curds?"

"I got it in the forest, dear teacher," Gopala explained, "from my little Cowherd Brother."

"Who is he?" asked the teacher.

"I cannot tell you where he lives," Gopala said, "but he came out to walk with me when I was afraid to go through the forest and he comes with me every day to school. He wears a crown of gold and in it a peacock's feather, and he has a

flute that he plays upon. When he has brought me to school he goes back to tend his cows all day, but when school is over, he is waiting to take me home."

The teacher was greatly surprised, for he knew that no cowherds lived in the forest. It came to him suddenly that Gopala's playmate must be the Child Krishna with the lotus eyes and the divine heart.

"Take me with you to the forest, I would like to see your little brother," said the teacher. So at the closing of school, the teacher took Gopala's hand and they walked together to the forest. But when they reached it, the little Cowherd Brother did not come out to meet them.

"My little Cowherd Brother! Oh, will you not come to us," cried Gopala. But all they heard was the echo of the call. The teacher was sure now that Gopala had lied. He looked at him sternly. Gopala was ready to cry, for he knew that he had told the truth. He shouted again, "My little Cowherd Brother, please come, I want my teacher to know that I told what was true and that you are my playmate."

Then, from afar off in the deep places of the forest they heard a voice calling to them.

"Little one," it said, "I cannot show my face. The teacher has long to wait. But tell him that he shall see some day when he needs me as did you, my little Gopala."

DADDY JOHN'S DEBT

DADDY JOHN'S cottage stood almost at the water's edge; the waves dashed spray right into its door when the sea was high, and Daddy John loved to step out each morning to the gray rocks, while he "reckoned on the weather."

"Daddy John," the shore children called him, but his name was really John Barry, and he and Debby, his wife, were now both old people. On the morning of my story, the March winds were bleak and shrill, the hearth fire of driftwood scarcely heated the tiny cottage, and Daddy John was seated with his back to the blaze, his spectacles drawn well down on his nose, as he slowly and laboriously got news from the weekly paper. Suddenly he sat upright. "Debby!" he exclaimed, "look-a-here, Sam Lowry's dead! Died suddent o' heart disease!"

"What!" replied Debby excitedly, dropping her carpet rags and looking over her husband's shoulder. "Is his pictur' there?"

"Yes, here it is; it's him," said Daddy John. "The very man! And to think I ain't never paid him that four hundred and forty dollars, and him so patient!"

This news was a blow to the old couple. They had always meant to pay the money that Sam Lowry had loaned when their Johnny fell sick and died. But somehow, after the little fellow, with his joyous laugh and sunny curls, was gone, Daddy John never wanted to join the other men in their long fishing trips; he couldn't leave Debby so much alone. So his catch was smaller, and the coins were very slowly gathered to put away in the stocking which hung in the closet behind

the door. Yet Daddy John often used to say, "That money will weigh me down like a sand-bag until it gits into Sam Lowry's pocket."

"Sam Lowry dead!" Daddy John repeated over and over again, as though in a dream. "Why he warn't seventy yet, for I'm older'n him."

Debby had little to say, but her scissors clipped faster at the rags as her mind went over the possibilities of paying the debt at once. Finally she went to the closet, got the stocking and handed it to Daddy John. "Count it," said she, "we ain't added much lately, but we ain't counted it neither."

Daddy John took the stocking, moved over to the table, and slowly seating himself by it, laid the notes and the coins in piles before him. Then he got up, reached for a stub of chalk on the clock shelf, and began to figure on the wall.

"Debby," he said finally, "it was four hundred and forty we owed, warn't it, and with the interest for thirty years, I figger it out that it comes to seven hundred and four dollars."

"Seven hundred and four," said Debby, "and how much is in the stocking?"

"Just six hundred and eighty-four," said Daddy John. "It's a pity he couldn't a-lived till fall; fishin's so hard for a while yet."

Debby turned the question over and over in her mind. At last she came to the conclusion that there was only one way out: they must sell the cow. So Daddy John accepted her suggestion as final and offered "Brindle" for sale. It took them three months to make the transaction, and fall was almost at hand when, one day, Daddy John counted the precious money once more, and putting the fat bundle into his inside pocket, turned to bid Debby good-bye before going up to Sam Lowry's office in the town.

"Poor Debby!" Daddy John said, for the tears were

running down her cheeks. Then Debby put her hands on her old companion's shoulders, looked lovingly at him and said, "Remember, John, the Good Book says the righteous ain't never been forsaken, nor His seed beggin' bread."

The office was now occupied by Sam Lowry's three sons. When Daddy John arrived he was told to sit down and wait, as the eldest son was busy. This gave the old man time to count the money again. He put on his spectacles, took out the wallet, and satisfied himself that the amount was right.

At length the eldest son admitted him and Daddy John began, "I come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman."

The eldest son asked a few questions: Daddy John's name, residence, and so forth, and turning to the fisherman, said, "Your note is outlawed. You are not bound to pay it."

"Sir," said Daddy John, "I *wish* ter pay it. This here is the only debt I've got in the world. It may be outlawed here, but Debby and me both want to be at peace with God as well as with man."

The eldest son had been looking up and down the pages of an old book, and now he said, "I cannot take the money."

Daddy John looked alarmed, and the son explained, "In this book are the names of those who owed my father money, and he desired that after his death, all the debts be cancelled that are on this page. Your name is here. It was his wish that your debt be considered paid. I am only carrying out his will when I ask you to take the money back with you. He did this because he knew that you were an honest man, working your hardest to pay the debt you owed."

For a moment Daddy John was almost stupefied. Then collecting himself, he wiped the tears from his eyes and told the eldest son how he and Debby had saved and pinched for years. He had thought now that the debt was paid, that he

and Debby would have an easy mind, although it would have been hard to know how to get along.

"We can't work like we used ter, we're gettin' on in years," he said. "But now we can be comfortable the rest of our days, thanks to Sam Lowry's kindness. And I'm glad we stinted and saved to get the money all ready to pay, even if I do take it home to Debby again."

Then giving the eldest son a hearty handshake, and blessing the father's memory, Daddy John went on his way rejoicing.

THE SILVER TANKARD

DANIEL GORDON whistled as he backed Jerry into the buggy shafts and rapidly buckled the harness. It was Sunday morning and he and his wife would be late to meeting if they weren't off soon. The two boys had started on the ten-mile ride a half-hour ago—but Jerry would soon overtake Dobbin, loaded as he was with the two of them on his back. Little Hetty would stay at home today. She did not mind being left alone and the long drive tired her. She was only nine—too much must not be expected of the dear child.

Daniel's train of thought was broken by the sudden appearance of John Perkins around the corner of the barn. Daniel stared at Perkins in astonishment, for though he was his nearest neighbor, six miles of rough Maine wilderness lay between their fertile valley farms. Perkins should be on his way to meeting now, instead of calling on his friends. Daniel's cheery questions were interrupted by Perkins, who spoke quickly, with a solemn face. "I don't think it safe for you all to go to meeting today, Daniel."

"What's amiss, John? The boys are already off; wife and I are just leaving. Hetty will be here."

"Hetty mustn't be left alone. Listen, Daniel! Tom Smith and his two men have been seen in the wood by Crooked Fork. They know of your old silver tankard and plates, and Tom is reported to have sworn when drunk to get them from you before the summer passes. You know what that means."

Daniel knew only too well. Tom Smith and his gang were desperate men who lived by swooping down upon first one lonely farmhouse and then another, seizing by force whatever was valuable in the house, and then disappearing beyond the

reach of the law. In this thinly settled country a hundred years ago a police force was unknown, and land pirates such as these had their own way. Everyone in this part of Maine knew of the Gordon tankard and plates, brought from England years before. Tom Smith had sworn to get them—and he always kept his word in such matters.

Daniel stood in deep thought. His religious faith was very simple and profoundly deep. He believed with his whole soul that God would take care of those who did their duty and put their trust absolutely in Him. He had tried all his life to live in this faith. Here was indeed a severe test. The thieves might not come; neighbor Perkins might be mistaken; still the risk in leaving his little Hetty alone was great. Yet he would do it. His duty plainly was to go to meeting. To take her with him would be to teach her fear. He would place her in God's hands, and trust.

"Hetty," said Daniel as he kissed her rather more solemnly than usual, and climbed into the buggy beside his wife, "if any strangers come while we are gone, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to feed the poor. What is gold and silver compared to God's words of love?" Hetty was puzzled to see her father's face so troubled.

After making the kitchen tidy, Hetty sat down by the window with a book. It was very quiet and she felt a little lonely. Only an hour had passed and the family would be away for a long time yet. She looked out of the window and was overjoyed to see three men walking rapidly up the road toward the house. Her father must have been expecting them, she thought. That was why he spoke about treating strangers well. She ran down the path to meet them, courtesied politely, and cried eagerly:

"Won't you please come in? Father will be so sorry not to see you, but he bade me serve you in any way I could."

"Are you alone here?" eagerly asked the youngest man, who was Tom Smith.

"Oh, yes, I am quite alone. If Mother were here she would do more for you, but I'll do all I can."

The men stared at each other in silence, and entered the neat, comfortable kitchen. The silver tankard stood on the huge old sideboard, and behind it a row of silver plates. The men hesitated a moment—then the oldest one stepped toward the sideboard.

"You're going to be seated and allow me to prepare a meal for you, are you not?" said Hetty, in a panic lest her guests would not feel at home and leave her alone again all too soon.

Smith dropped into a chair as though his knees had suddenly given way under him. "Yes, we will, thank you, my child, for we are all hungry," he replied in a voice that sounded to Hetty only rather husky, but made his companions turn and stare in astonishment.

For several minutes Hetty flitted in and out, while the men watched in silence. She dragged forward the table that stood against the wall, and Smith sprang forward to help her. While he was doing this she asked him to kindly lift down the tankard and three of the best silver plates. Cold cider she brought from the cellar and filled the tankard to the brim, butter from the springhouse, a huge loaf of bread. She paused a moment, her little forehead wrinkled in perplexity.

"Would you prefer to have some cold roast pork right away, or wait while I cook one of mother's chickens?" she asked.

"We can't wait. Give us what you have," muttered one of the older men, his eyes fixed on the food.

Soon all was ready, and with another gay little bow Hetty invited her guests to be seated. As she watched them eat she

thought she had never in her life seen such strange manners. They seized the meat in their fingers and gulped it down ravenously as though they had not tasted food for days, which was indeed about the case. First one and then another took long drinks from the silver tankard until it was quite empty and Hetty hurried to fill it again. All the while no word was spoken and the men seemed to avoid looking in her direction.

Finally, when the table was almost bare and they had shaken their heads at all her offers of more bread or meat, Smith started from his chair with a sudden, "Come, let's go."

Hetty was surprised at his lack of politeness, and still more amazed when the older man replied, "What, go with empty hands with all this silver here?" and he seized the tankard.

For the first time Hetty felt a chill of fear. "Oh, please," she cried, "it is my father's."

Smith leaned across and clutched the man roughly by the arm. "Put that down," he shouted. "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house."

Hetty looked in terror from one to the other as they stood glaring across the table, then she ran to Smith's side and pressed close against his arm as the other men turned and walked sullenly out of the house, muttering to themselves. Smith looked down at Hetty's trusting little upturned face, and a strange softness came into his eyes. He turned abruptly after the others, and Hetty, very much puzzled, watched the three men stalk down the road and out of sight.

When Daniel and his wife drove in that afternoon an hour earlier than usual, the horse covered with lather, Hetty greeted them with:

"Your strangers came, Father, and I treated them well, but they forgot to thank me."

A COURAGEOUS VISITOR

"THE fields are empty; there is no road or house, and I haven't seen a human being. Yet it seemed absolutely necessary for me to come out of doors and walk this way. Where shall I go now?"

Samuel J. Levick looked about the lonely pasture and then raised his eyes to the blue sky above him; but his heart listened for the guiding Voice that had led him forth on this solitary walk from the home of Sunderland P. Gardner, where he was visiting.

In a few moments a lazy trail of smoke could just be distinguished rising from a distant ravine. Samuel noticed it, and at once started in its direction. He was a young man and a rapid walker, but it was some time before he could see at the bottom of that wisp of smoke the ramshackle chimney of a forlorn hovel.

Wondering who could live in such a remote spot and such a wretched house, he approached it and knocked at the door. It was partly opened and to Samuel's question "Who lives here?" a gruff voice from an almost invisible figure answered, "Nobody but me and the cats!" and the door banged shut again.

Samuel raised the latch and walked into the room. It was so dark that at first he could see nothing, and he was startled when the occupant of the house rushed out, slamming the door after him and leaving Samuel alone but for the weird company of a pair of shining eyes in a corner. "One of the cats," thought Samuel.

He opened the door and again sought the man whom he now saw to be a wild-looking, ragged creature. Here, evidently

was a hermit who had tried to put himself beyond the help of men and yet who above all others needed the hand of a brother. A great wave of pity surged into Samuel's heart.

"Who sent you here?" demanded the hermit.

"No one sent me and no one knows I am here," replied Samuel.

Again the hermit went into his dismal abode, and again the door closed between him and his visitor.

It was plain that Samuel was unwelcome, but he felt so sure that the man needed a friend and a message of love and fellowship that he persevered and again opened the forbidding door. Before he was inside the rough voice assailed him. "Didn't Gardner send you?"

"No human being sent me here. No one outside of this house knows that I am here."

Samuel sat down, and as his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light he saw a gun standing in the corner, a heavy poker by the fire. On the other side of the hearth was a great pair of tongs which clattered down on the bricks with a loud noise when the hermit kicked them, and drew from him a violent oath. It was a repellant room in which to be alone with a desperate man.

But Samuel was not afraid, and insisted upon talking to him in his persuasive, quiet voice. He told him that it was God, the Friend of all human creatures, who had brought him here, and that it was God who now called upon this wild and hated man to change his life and become a useful and respected person. He told him that God wanted to rescue him from his fears and hates and hopelessness and that he must heed God's message. More and more solemnly Samuel spoke, and the hermit grew quiet and then attentive, but he said nothing.

At length Samuel finished his talk and started home, uncertain whether the hermit would obey the message, but

happy that he had found the man whose need had led him on that walk.

When he returned to his friends, he told them where he had been. They were greatly surprised, and said that this hermit was considered one of the most dangerous men in that part of the country, so defiant that all the neighborhood feared him.

It was after Samuel J. Levick had left the township that people began to notice a change in the hermit. Slowly he became more willing to mingle with them, and grew less harsh and rough. And although he never said why he lived differently, Sunderland Gardner's family knew that it was due to the fearless visit of their guest, who had obeyed the call in his own soul and had gone in love to help a brother-man.

THE HUNGER FOR HAPPINESS

It was a hot summer morning in one of the poorer streets of Boston. At one open door there stopped many women on their way to work, leaving their babies to be cared for during the day; and boys came there to play, and girls who brought their smaller brothers and sisters with them. At the door of this mission playroom there also arrived a little later a lady of gentle manner and smiling face, whose name was Alice Freeman Palmer.

Every week she came, and this morning as she stepped into the front room, she found many young girls each holding a baby, and even babies without these young care-takers, awaiting her. She said, "What shall I talk to you about this morning?"

It might be expected that on such a summer day they would think of the green fields, or the shaded woods, or the breezy seashore, that they had seen on some country day excursion. Or, perhaps, glimpses of children from favored homes might have reminded them of pretty gowns and gay dolls, and automobile rides with father and mother. But none of these themes was suggested. Up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee. "Tell us how to be happy!"

It was hard then for this loving woman to meet the eyes of these over-weighted little creatures, almost in their infancy, bearing the heavy burdens of life. But the quick sympathy and wisdom that made her a trusted and beloved guide as president of a college, did not fail her here. Her mental vision easily reached to their horizon, taking in all the possibilities open to them. She was ready with these three rules for

their pursuit of happiness. But first she required of them the promise that they would not skip a single day, for skipping would be fatal.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do; just a pretty bit of poetry, or a Bible verse." She was afraid they would not understand, but one little girl with flashing black eyes, cried from a corner of the room, "I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind!"

Then she gave them her second rule: "Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work—a leaf, a flower, a cloud. You can find something." A leaf or a flower in the stifling city slums? Yes, there might be here and there a beauty-loving soul that would keep itself alive upon the ministry of God's green leaf or a flower. But the clouds, whose glowing tints and wondrous forms thrill us with their beauty! It has been discovered that there are little children whose eyes are never lifted up to the sky-line so far above their heads. The teacher added this instruction: "Stop long enough before the pretty thing you have spied, to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness of it." They promised, to a girl.

The third rule, Mrs. Palmer feared, would seem very hard to such tiny children. She said: "My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a single day—do something for somebody every single day." And their response was, "Oh, that's easy!" That was their life. They were trained, these little creatures, to make the baby their first thought; and errands for the tired mother must be their play. It may be that fate was kinder to them than we know, making it the very alphabet of their lives, that the hunger for happiness finds its satisfaction in what we *do* for others.

For what seemed a long time, they sat gazing at the fire.

The silence was broken only by the moaning of the wind in the pine trees and the crackling of the logs on the hearth. For the first time in all the dark days, Mary felt afraid. She stirred uneasily and cast a furtive glance around the shadowy room. James rose and lighted a candle. He crossed the room and stood for a moment uncertainly beside the outside door. Then, with a deep sigh, he pulled in the leather thong, fastened the latch securely, and prepared for bed.

All night James tossed restlessly. Every time one of the children stirred, or a branch scraped the roof, he would start violently, and fall back unnerved. He tried to calm himself by repeating verses from the Bible, but instead of the usual comfort, the words only brought a challenge to his excited brain. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "Take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

"Mary," he whispered at last, "art thou awake?"

"Yes, James," she replied, "I have not slept. I have tried to pray, and always the answer has been, 'Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it can not save.' "

"Thou art right, Mary, the Lord's hand is not shortened and we did wrong to pull in the latchstring. Shall we put our trust entirely in Him?"

"Aye, James, I should feel much safer so," she replied.

Quickly James stepped to the door and pulled the leather thong through to the outside. Then he lay down again and both enjoyed such a sense of peace and security as they had not felt for hours. Suddenly, just as they were about to drop off to sleep, they heard a blood-curdling war-whoop. A few seconds later the moccasined footsteps of several men passed the window and stopped in front of the door. The latch clicked and the door swung open. By the dim light

from the embers on the hearth, James could see seven Indians in full war paint. They motioned and talked to each other and then silently pulled the door to and disappeared into the night.

In the morning, when James and Mary looked out of their door, they saw only the smoking ruins of their neighbors' cabins.

Years later, when the war was over, the government of the United States appointed James Tyler as a representative to an Indian conference. One day he told this story to all those assembled. In reply, an Indian arose and said: "I was one of those Indians. We crept up in night. We meant to burn and kill. We found latchstring out. We said, 'No burn this house. No kill these people. They do us no harm. They trust Great Spirit.' "

THE MISTAKE

It was a warm, sunny day. Almost every one was napping. The moss hanging from the big live-oaks swayed sleepily to and fro. In the cabin doorway sat good, old, fat Mammy Lize.

"Come hea', Ma'cus. Ma'cus, does you year me?" It was Mammy Lize's voice. She was calling Marcus Aurelius Lincoln, her little boy.

Mammy Lize had six other children, but every one was old enough to go to Sunday school except Marcus.

Two little boys heard Mammy Lize call. One was little black Marcus, the other was little white Julian. But neither of them answered.

They stole slowly through the underbrush near the cabin. They hoped that Mammy Lize might not notice them.

"I year you, en I sees you, too," Mammy Lize called out cheerfully.

"Ma'cus 'relius, de switch am handy, en I isn't gwine call *no* mo'."

Then Marcus knew that it was time to obey his mother, and Julian knew that he must mind his nurse. He called her "Mammy—Mammy Lize."

"W'at you want?" said Marcus, coming nearer to the cabin.

"W'at I want? I wants *you*."

"Now, den, jes' you stan' right hea' twel I learns yous a verse fum de Scriptur'."

Then Mammy Lize began, solemnly:

"De Lo'd sayd, 'Let us make man in our image, an' Gawd he created de man in his own image.'"

"Now, you Ma'cus, say dem wo'ds."

"An' Gawd created"—began Marcus slowly.

"De Lo'd sayd," put in Mammy Lize, "de Lo'd sayd dat he done c'eated man——"

Now Mammy Lize was getting impatient. "You say w'at I says," she commanded. And she made Marcus repeat the verse, word for word, after her.

"I reckon *I* can say it," whispered Julian in Mammy Lize's ear.

"Co'se you can, honey."

"Now hea' Julian say de Lo'd's wo'ds," said Mammy Lize.

Then Julian stood as straight as any little five-year-old boy could stand and repeated the verse. He knew it would please his mother to hear him say the verse at bedtime, when she and he "talked and prayed" together, so he repeated the words once more under his breath lest he should forget them.

"Now, den," continued Mammy Lize, "who made *you,* Ma'cus?"

"Gawd," Marcus replied quickly.

"Gawd what, you good-fo'-nutten chile!"

"Gawd made *me,*" Marcus said.

"Dat's true and dat's right," Mammy Lize commented, leaning back in her chair. "Now git along." And the two scholars dashed off to play.

Soon after the lesson both boys were out on the roadside. They were getting boughs together to build a cabin.

"Marcus, you go for wood," said Julian, "and I'll start the house."

Marcus turned to obey—but—such a rough voice roared at him, "You keep out of the road, you black nigger, you! Can't you keep from under my machine? Get *back* there!" And poor little Marcus jumped as though he had been shot, as a big, dusty auto glided by.

Both boys watched it until it vanished, when Julian said, "You're not black, are you, Marcus?"

"I reckon I is," answered Marcus.

"Well," said Julian, comfortingly, "I'll talk to my mother about it." And the playmates went on with their building until teatime.

When the bed hour came, Julian knelt before his mother, and they "talked and prayed" together.

"Mother, did God make Marcus?" asked Julian.

"Yes, dear," the gentle voice answered.

"Did God make Marcus black, mother?"

"Yes, dear; He did."

Then Julian's mother took the little boy on her knee, saying, "Why does my son ask this question?"

"The bad man called Marcus a 'black nigger,'" Julian said. "I guess God did forget and made a mistake."

"My dear little boy, God does not make mistakes," was the reassuring answer. "God is good and wonderful. He is the only God in *all the world.* He makes everything and takes care of everything. God does not only make *white* people. He makes *yellow* people, like 'Wang,' the Chinaman; and he makes *red* people, like the Indian you saw last summer; and He makes black people, like Marcus and Mammy Lize; and He makes white people, like you and me. Where the Bible says God created man in his own image, it doesn't mean the outside, which is black or white, or yellow. It means the inside which thinks and loves and helps. And the wonderful part of it all is that God loves every one alike, no matter what color.

"Do you understand, now?"

"Yes, Mother dear," said Julian, and bowing his head the little boy prayed:

"Dear God, please bless Daddy and Mother, and Marcus, and all the people everywhere, no matter what color they are, and bless Julian."

Then he climbed into his little bed.

THE PRODIGAL WIFE *

Hosea's wife had gone away and left him. He was a grave man, who cared for serious things; she cared only for what she called a good time. He had been very patient; she had been very foolish.

They had three little children, and the names which Hosea gave them show how sad he was about the condition of his home. The oldest was a boy, and his name was Jezreel. His father named him for the place where Jehu the captain killed the king. "The captain," he said to himself, "was false to his master, whom he should have served and loved. I know what that means in my own experience."

The second child was a girl, and the name which Hosea gave her means "No pity." When people said, "Hosea, that is a strange name which you have given to your little daughter: why do you call her that?" he said, "Because God shall cease to pity this wicked nation." For Hosea felt as Amos had felt concerning the life of Israel. And he knew more about it than Amos could have known, because he lived in the midst of it. But the name had another meaning, also. Hosea said to himself, "How can I look any longer with pity and forgiveness upon the conduct of my wife?"

Then when a little boy was born, Hosea called him by a name which means "Not my people." And, again, the neighbors wondered about it. "Hosea," they said, "this is the queerest name we ever heard. Why don't you call your boys Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, or some respectable name

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like other folks? What do you mean by 'Not my people'?" He said, "The time approaches when the Lord shall say to this nation, 'You were my people, but now you are my people no longer, on account of your sins.'" But here, again, Hosea was thinking also of his own home. He was saying to himself, "Must I not say to my wife, she is not my wife? She has separated herself from me by her wicked ways."

Then she went away and left him. And months passed, and months passed, and she did not come back. Sometimes he heard about her, but all that he heard was bad. She was in evil company. Then he learned that her first bad friends had forsaken her, and that she was now with those who were worse; and then with those who were worse still. He heard that she had lost her beauty and her gayety, and looked old and sick and miserable. At last somebody came to him and said, "Hosea, I saw your wife this morning in the slave market. She has been deserted by all her companions, and the last of them is trying to sell her as a slave."

Immediately, Hosea went and bought her. He paid fifteen pieces of silver, and several bushels of barley. He took her home. There they sat down where they had once been happy, in the home which she had spoiled and abandoned. And the little children came to their mother and loved her; and Hosea loved her still in spite of all that had happened.

The next day, Hosea called his neighbors together. "Friends," he said, "you know about the trouble in my family. Everybody knows it. And you have perhaps heard that I have taken my wife back. I wish to say a word to you.

"I have been taught a great truth, which, as I think upon it, seems to me almost the greatest truth there is. I have come to see that God is just as good as we are. It seems a strange thing to say, but we have not believed it. We have believed that the love of God is less constant than our own love, and

that He is less pitiful and forgiving than we are. Friends, that is not so. Even as I love my wife, in spite of all her sin, so does God love His people in spite of all their wickedness. The love of God is like the love of a mother for her child; it is like the love of a faithful husband for his wife. God is greatly displeased at us, and He will surely let us suffer the pains and punishments which we deserve. But through it all, He loves us. When we return to Him in sorrow, He will receive us.

"Friends, I have changed the names which I have given to two of my children. My little daughter whom I called 'No Pity,' I now call 'Pity,' in remembrance of the great mercies of God. And my little son whom I named 'Not My People,' I now name 'My People,' for we are still God's people, and He is still our God."

Then Hosea went back into the house, and shut the door, and, like Amos, wrote a book.

MIND THE LIGHT

The wind howled around the eaves of the little room where William Starr lay in his four-post bed, staring into the dark. A bare branch squeaked against the roof and the window-panes rattled furiously. William hardly heard them, although without thinking he pulled the thick quilt closer around his shoulders. The moaning and whistling of the most piercing gales were usually music to his ears, lulling him in his warm bed to a deeper and more delicious sleep. Now sleep was far away. He heard only one sound—and that not in his ears, but speaking to his heart.

"William Starr," it seemed to say, "Rise out of thy bed and carry my message to the people of Clearbrook."

So strangely vivid the command came that he almost answered aloud, forming the words with his lips in the darkness.

"To Clearbrook, Lord? Surely Thou canst not mean that I shall ride on this wild night those forty miles. I have received no summons from there to come."

"Thy summons comes from Me. Ride thou to Clearbrook before the dawn."

"Oh, Lord, what message shall I deliver for Thee there?" William almost groaned.

"Ride thou to Clearbrook," the Voice replied.

It was not strange to William to hear the Voice of God speaking to him clearly out of the darkness, and it was his simple habit to obey. On such a wild night as this, however, his body almost rebelled. He lay for several minutes fighting with himself. Then with a bound, he threw back the soft warm covers and stood barefooted in the numbing draft. Forty miles to Clearbrook—eight hours' hard riding through

partly frozen mud. At least half the distance must be covered before dawn, and he did not know what message he was to give. Blindly, he dragged on his clothes, stumbled to the barn, and finally rode off into the night, urging his unwilling horse toward Clearbrook.

At ten o'clock next morning the people of the little village of Clearbrook were gathered in their meeting house. The company had been deep in silent worship for several minutes when a horse was heard galloping up to the door. A few turned their heads as a tall, weary-looking, mud-splattered man strode up the aisle and took a seat in the gallery. All were filled with curiosity. After the silence had continued unbroken for sometime, William Starr rose stiffly and stood before them. Still, the message he was to deliver to these people had not been given to him, still he waited for the further words of God. The Voice was silent. Slowly and with much embarrassment he told of the command which had come to him in the night. "I have obeyed, I have ridden to deliver the message to you—and—the message goes no further." He sat down, his face flushed, his eyes troubled.

The people sat as awestruck as though a miracle had been performed before their eyes. They knew well the fearful roads over which William Starr had travelled; they thought of the bitter hours of darkness and of the wind that still raged. They thought of the times without number when they, too, had heard the Voice of God in their hearts, and had not heeded it.

Finally, an old man rose and said, solemnly, what all were thinking, "Indeed, our friend has delivered his message. It is, 'Mind the Light.'"

THE FOUR SOUS

Little Marie lived in a tiny village in northern France. They were a very happy family, little Marie, her father and mother, grandmother and dear little baby brother. But one day war came to France and the father had to go to the front, for nearly every French father was a soldier. It was very lonely at home without the dear, kind father. Mother and grandmother, and even little Marie, had to work very hard tending the garden, and harvesting the crops on their strip of land. Like almost every family in the villages of France, they owned their house, their pretty garden and their bit of land in the near-by country-side.

Then one sad day the war came to their own village and their red-roofed cottage was burned. After that little Marie and her mother and baby brother and poor grandmother had only the cellar to live in, with a pile of rags and straw in one corner for a bed. Those were sad days for little Marie. The weather grew very cold, baby brother cried and grandmother coughed all night. Something must be done. So one day, with six sous in her pocket (six pennies in our money), she slipped out of the cellar and walked down the long-deserted street.

Suddenly she came upon a tall man in a gray suit with a black-and-red star on his sleeve. She had heard of the Friends who built homes for the French peasants, and besides, she was feeling very rich with the six sous in her pocket. Going up to the man in gray, she said, "Will you build a house for mother and grandmother and baby brother and me? I'm tired of living in the cellar, where brother cries all day, and grandmother coughs all night. Could you make me a house with a bedroom, a living-room and a nice warm kitchen? See, I have six sous! Do you think you could do it for that?"

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The tall man in gray did not smile, but looking down kindly at the tiny girl, said: "Let me see. Yes, I think we can build you a house. Indeed, I'm sure we can do it for *four* sous." So the little house was built and into it were put a stove, a table, some chairs, and the necessary articles for housekeeping. When all was finished and the family had moved in, the tall man in gray collected the four sous, and little Marie was happy to think that she had paid with her own four sous for the cosy house, which would keep them warm and comfortable, until Father should come back from the war.

THE SILENT MEETING

More than a hundred years ago a little boy named Jacob was playing one day with some neighbor boys in one of the newly cleared fields of his father's farm. Pennsylvania was a new country and largely forest land then, and Jacob spent long days helping his father, and his mother, too, chop down the trees to make room for fields. But at the end of the week he was given time to play with the other boys, and a merry time they had, making up games to amuse themselves, chasing rabbits, hunting chestnuts, and always finding something to do in the woods.

This afternoon Jacob and his friends had had long hours of fun together, and when the sun grew low in the West, the little neighbors started home for supper. As they went down the road they called back to him that to-morrow was First-day and they were going to meeting. "Come with us, Jake, will you?" they said.

Now Jacob had never been to a Friends' meeting, but he wanted to do what his playmates were doing, so he asked his father if he might go.

"Why do you want to go there?" asked his father. "They have no preacher, and there is no use in going where there is no preaching. But you may go; it will do you no harm, if you come home as soon as meeting is over."

The next morning Jacob woke early and travelled five or six miles barefooted through the wilderness to the little log meeting-house. When he reached it all the Friends were gathered, so he sat down behind the door. "They were all very quiet," he told his father afterwards. "I took very particular notice of them. There was no preaching; but oh! the good feeling

that I had! It told me that the Heavenly Father's love reached out to children and to grown people everywhere."

When meeting was over he went all the way home feeling peaceful and joyous. "Well, Jacob," his father said, "how did you get along? Did you like the Quakers' meeting?"

"Yes, Father," Jacob answered, "it is true they have no preacher, but I felt so happy in my heart as I sat in the silence! I would like to go again."

MARY PROUDE

Mary Proude was afraid of the dark. She lay in her great high posted bed and watched the fantastic shadows made by Betsey's candle. Weird little imps they seemed, and Betsey's back was getting farther and farther away. In another minute Mary knew that she would be alone and it would be dark, pitch dark. She caught her breath and cast a furtive look at the heavy drapery that enveloped her bed. Then she shut her eyes and buried her head in the pillows. "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name," she prayed, trying to choke back the tears.

Faster and faster she said the words and then suddenly she stopped. Like a flash she thought of something that Betsey had read to her after church. She could not remember the exact words, but it was about prayer, how it helped you and how it was the way to tell good people from bad, because those who did not mean to do the right thing could imitate others in everything except in praying right. That was the thing that struck Mary Proude. Every night for months past when the last glimmer of Betsey's candle had gone she had repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again as fast as she could until, tired out, she had dropped off to sleep. She did not know just why she did it, but she felt sure that nothing could hurt her while she was praying. To-night, however, a new thought struck her. "If what Betsey read is true," she said to herself, "then I'm not really praying at all, I'm just saying words over. A very wicked person could do what I've been doing." Mary Proude was so interested in thinking about it that she forgot to be afraid, and dropped off quietly to sleep.

The next day she felt even more sure that just saying

words was not really praying. But how was she to find out more about it? Mary's father and mother had died when she was only three years old and she lived with her guardian, Sir Edward Partridge. Everybody was very kind to her, but she felt sure nobody would understand what she meant. In fact, Mary had never heard of anyone who prayed in any other way than by reading from a book or repeating prayers learned from a book. So she shut herself in her room alone and kneeling by her bed, cried, "Lord, what is prayer?" And presently she found herself just talking to her Heavenly Father, telling Him what she wanted to know and asking Him to help her solve her difficulties. And then she knew that her Heavenly Father had shown her what kind of prayer He desires.

That night, when Betsey took away the light, Mary Proude was not afraid, for she knew that she could tell her Heavenly Father all her troubles and that He was very near to her.

THE RESCUE

In a little cabin in Maryland, lived a colored man, Levin Smith, with his wife and four black, sparkling-eyed little children. All summer Levin worked in the cornfield, and in winter sawed wood for the "big house," while his wife worked at the washtubs. They all loved each other very much and would have been very happy and contented except for something that always hung over them, filling their hearts with dread. Levin Smith was an "owned" man, though his wife was a "free" woman. This was sixty years before slavery was ended in the United States by Lincoln's Proclamation declaring that all the slaves were free. Levin had a master, who, though he was not at all unkind and had allowed Levin to marry a free woman and live comfortably in his little cabin, still had the power to take him away from his family and sell him as we would sell a horse or cow, to whomsoever he pleased. It was this continual fear of being torn away and shipped he knew not where, that darkened Levin's life, and even took the smile from the faces of his little children when a neighbor whispered to the mother tales of cruelty in the far South.

At last, and suddenly, the very worst that they had feared came to pass. Levin's master, needing more money, sold him with several other slaves to a speculator who made a business of buying men cheap and shipping them to the South where they brought a big price. Levin Smith was first sent to a farm in Delaware where the slaves were worked until a good market was found for them. He was bitterly unhappy, as were most of the black men with whom he toiled. Many had been there

longer than he, and when their overseer was not near, he frequently heard muttered plans for escape. One name he heard over and over again, Mr. Hopper in Philadelphia, "if we could get to Mr. Hopper, he would help us." But the plans seldom went any further, for it was difficult to escape from the farm without money or friends to help, and the slave who ran away and was caught was severely punished.

The time came when Levin could bear the uncertainty and misery no longer. Feeling that the only person he could trust to help him was an old man who brought mail from a distant post-office, Levin managed to meet the man alone and poured out his heart to him. The postman knew exactly what to do. He lent Levin money, directed him to a freight-station where he could hide himself at night in a car going north, promised to communicate with his family, advising them to go to Philadelphia, and finally scribbled a note which he handed to Levin, saying, "I can only help you to get away from here, but this note is to the best friend the colored people ever had, Isaac T. Hopper, and he will tell you what to do when you get to Philadelphia."

Levin reached Philadelphia in safety, and after some difficulty found his wife and children, who had already taken rooms and who were waiting for him there. As the postman directed, he had gone straight to Isaac T. Hopper, and from the moment the kindly piercing eyes of Friend Hopper met his, Levin knew that here was a man whom he could trust above all others. He found on every side the colored people spoke of him with reverence, and he heard story after story of Mr. Hopper's helping slaves to escape, pleading in the courts for justice for them, giving freely of his wisdom, time and money to set their souls and bodies free, for no other reason apparently than that he had confidence in their worth.

For one month Levin Smith and his family lived and

worked together in Philadelphia. They knew that the news of his whereabouts might have reached his master and at any moment he might be seized and carried off. So when late one evening, after they were in bed, they heard their door broken into without ceremony and clattering footsteps on the stairs, they knew what had happened. Levin had only time to whisper to his wife, "Send to Mr. Hopper, quick," before his hands were bound and he was led away.

Isaac T. Hopper was sleeping soundly on his great feather-bed, when a violent knocking rose from the door on the street below his open window. He knew well what it meant, and in an instant he was at the window, pulling on his breeches, as he peered out. Below crouched two dark figures.

"What's wanted?" he whispered, and the black faces were lifted instantly.

"Mr. Hopper, sah, come quick! Dey's taken Levin Smith down toward de rivah."

A minute later Isaac T. Hopper was in the street dressed in the old rough coat and hat he wore to fires. First to Levin's home, where the wailing children and terror-stricken wife were surrounded by excited colored people; then on down to the river, they ran. Several men had followed Levin's captors at a distance and were able to tell Isaac T. Hopper that a sloop lay at the foot of the street, that its captain had been drinking heavily at the tavern and was heard cursing because he had forgotten to load certain important cases of goods, and that Levin Smith had been led to this tavern, which stood across the street from the wharf. A little crowd of men and boys hung around the door of the tavern. Straight through these Issac T. Hopper elbowed his way. A large man with a heavy red nose stopped him in the doorway. "A colored man was seen to enter your house by force, will you tell me his whereabouts?" Hopper demanded briskly.

"No, I will not. It's none of your business," grumbled the red-nosed man.

A boy's voice shrilled up from the crowd, "Upstairs they took him, Mr. Hopper, to the back room." Before the landlord could brace himself in the doorway, a mighty shove set him to one side and a determined figure was past him and up the dimly lighted stairs. The six men who were lounging around the back bedroom came to with a terrific start as Isaac T. Hopper, with flashing eyes, whirled into their midst. Levin Smith lay across the bed with his hands bound to his sides and his mouth gagged. At his side Isaac turned and with a face that made those hard slave-hunters shrink, cried, "What are you going to do with this man?" For a breathless instant there was silence broken by a low moan from Levin. Then as at a signal the six white men seized Isaac T. Hopper, dragged him struggling to the window and pitched him out, head first, into the night. From below came a crash and the sound of empty barrels overturned and rolling. With a muffled cry and a convulsive shudder Levin staggered to his feet, and the men rushed to seize and hold him. Meanwhile Isaac T. Hopper lay gasping for breath among the empty casks, but the sounds of struggle from the open windows above roused him to furious action. He got to his feet; his own body seemed to have ceased to exist, his sensations were only of rage and pity. Somehow he reached the front of the house and upstairs, only to find the room door locked. Down again he crawled and out—while the crowd in the street hardly moved. His mind was clear—he remembered a shed below the window to the right of the one from which he had been thrown. Like a cat he clambered up the back fence, on to the shed, in the window to a room which luckily opened by an unlocked door, into the room where Levin Smith still struggled with his captors. For the second time Isaac T. Hopper dashed among

the astonished men. Now they started back from the bed as though a ghost had suddenly arisen under their noses. "Let's see you get me again," cried Hopper; then to Levin, "Follow me." Out came his penknife, the cords fell in pieces and the two men were out of the room and into the street.

Levin was stiff and sore, but he managed to slip the gag down from his mouth and run beside his rescuer. Although they were past the crowd and had covered a half a block before anyone recovered his wits sufficiently to follow, they could hear the cries of "Stop thief," behind, and knew that the mob was coming. Isaac T. Hopper took Levin's arm. "Three blocks further and we're in the magistrate's office; you're safe then, boy," he panted.

The justice of the peace had been working late that night and was just putting away his papers when he heard a great din outside, and two men, one black, the other white, and both in rags, burst into the room. It was difficult to startle the justice. With a keen look at the white man, he exclaimed wildly, "Good Heavens, Mr. Hopper, what brings you here at this time of night in such trim and with a rabble at your heels?" As he spoke he calmly barred the street door and drew the blinds across the windows. After he had heard the story in brief from Isaac T. Hopper, he laughed, "They would not have treated you so roughly if they had known who you were," he remarked. The magistrate and Isaac T. Hopper, who understood all the complicated slave laws of the state, explained to Levin that he had become legally free, because of his residence for over six months in Delaware.

Thus protected by the law, Levin Smith returned to his family and was not disturbed again. Isaac T. Hopper, in his fall from the tavern window, had been hurt in the back and never entirely recovered from the effects. But this he considered of little importance; he had been able to help another colored friend to win and hold his freedom.

THE THREE SIEVES *

A LITTLE boy one day ran indoors from school and called out eagerly: "Oh, mother, what do you think of Tom Jones? I have just heard that——"

"Wait a minute, my boy. Have you put what you have heard through the three sieves before you tell it to me?"

"Sieves, mother! What do you mean?"

"Well, the first sieve is called Truth. Is it true?"

"Well, I don't really know, but Bob Brown said that Charlie told him that Tom——"

"That's very roundabout. What about the second sieve—Kindness. Is it kind?"

"Kind! No, I can't say it *is* kind."

"Now the third sieve—Necessity. Will it go through that? *Must* you tell this tale?"

"No, mother, I need not repeat it."

"Well, then, my boy, if it is not necessary, not kind, and perhaps not true, let the story die."

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* From *A Course in Citizenship*, by Ella Lyman Cabot. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

A RIDE TOWARD WAR PAINT

"By sundown we should be within sight of the Indian village," said Caleb Pusey as the six men on horseback descended the rough trail and came out in the glare of the afternoon sun. Below them spread a wide Pennsylvania valley, as yet untouched by a plow, for this was in the early days of the colony, long before the Revolutionary War.

"It lies just beyond yonder line of trees, does it not?" asked a younger man, James West, pointing down the valley.

Caleb nodded gravely. All the men looked extremely serious as in silence they guided their horses among the loose rocks and around fallen trees. Then one man spoke:

"Caleb, who was it brought the word to our settlement of the Indian uprising? You know I was not present last night when the Councillors met."

"It was old Red Wing's squaw. They were always most friendly to the whites. She came into the village late in the afternoon and stopped the first man she met, who happened to be the blacksmith. From his forge the news spread like fire, and I have never seen such panic. It was said five hundred, nay a thousand, Indian warriors were gathering for battle—their faces were painted—their drums were beating—at any moment they would be upon us! Forgotten were the wise councils of William Penn and the long, unbroken peace with our red brothers. The talk was all of arming and marching against the Indians before they could reach us. Our settlers have never had arms—nor needed them. Now they must be procured! The Council was called for immediate action."

"Ah, I wish you had heard Caleb at that meeting!" cried James West with boyish enthusiasm. "In the midst of the

argument of the Councillors as to where guns could be procured, Caleb rose and his eyes shone like coals——''

''It was my heart that burned with shame for my people,'' murmured Caleb.

James continued eagerly, ''He cried in a voice that silenced their frantic bickerings, 'I will go to the place where the Indians are said to be gathering, if the Council will appoint five others to go with me unarmed.' The Council protested. They said it would be but a living sacrifice. The six men would be surely murdered. Caleb declared that as long as we were unarmed and unafraid, we were safe, as we always had been.''

Caleb took the story up. ''James, here, was at my side in an instant. These other good friends expressed their approval and willingness to go. I knew that I could depend on you. So the Council could not well refuse to allow us to depart on our errand, though they had little faith. I do not doubt, myself, that when we talk to the Indian chiefs we can discover the trouble and put matters right.''

The others nodded. Still each man realized, in spite of these cheery words, that they were running a grave risk. Indians when once aroused, do not listen to argument. The hearts of the six white men beat faster as at last they came within sight of the tepees of the Indian village.

A few yellow curs barked shrilly and two little brown children playing on the edge of the woods, ran away and peeped at the strangers from behind trees. There was no other sign of life. Most of the wigwams were closed as if deserted. From the peak of one, larger than the rest and near the centre of the field, rose a lazy curl of smoke. The men rode to it. An old Indian, evidently the chief, lay on a pile of skins outside the open flaps, peacefully smoking a carved red-clay pipe. He rose slowly and stood courteously before the white men.

They dismounted, and Caleb offered the Indian his hand, which the old man shook warmly, inquiring in broken English, "What can an old chief do for his paleface friends?"

The thought crossed James West's mind that perhaps this was a trap, perhaps the warriors were all hidden ready to spring out upon them, or had already departed to attack the settlement of whites. Almost breathlessly he waited for the chief's answer when Caleb Pusey asked, carelessly:

"Your tepees seem empty, Chief. Where are your young men and maidens?"

The Chief waved his hand toward the forest beyond the valley.

"For three days my men have been hunting deer far away to the north. The women, old and young, are working in the fields beyond the river. What could my people do for the strangers?"

The sincerity of the old man's desire to be friendly was so evident that the white men were embarrassed and ashamed to have to explain their errand.

"The truth is that a false report reached the ears of the white settlers, and we were sent to determine whether it could be true," Caleb began. "An Indian woman told us that the tribes were rising against us."

The Chief stepped back as though he had been struck, his eyes blazing with anger.

"It is false!" he cried. "That woman should be burned to death, for she might have made much mischief! We have no quarrel with the white men."

THE PLOW

As John Comly jogged along behind his old horse, Frank, on the Red Lion road, he was not enjoying the prosperous Byberry fields on either side, the glossy red-winged blackbirds chuckling over the meadow, or the delicate freshness of the May morning. Instead, he was turning over in his mind a problem which greatly troubled him, and as was his habit with any perplexity, he was appealing direct to his Heavenly Father for aid.

Some time ago one of his neighbors, Jesse Tate, had borrowed a plow from Eli Powell. As Jesse was hauling it off, Eli's son had called, "Thee need not bring it back, because Father will want to use it next week in the ten-acre lot below the lane, and it will be handier in thy shed than in ours. Father will bring the horse over there and hitch up."

Of course Jesse should not have trusted the memory of Eli's boy, but he did. Ten days later while Jesse was trying to corner his old pig as it tore up and down over the garden truck, Eli's hired man handed him a curt little note from Eli, reading, "If thee is through with my plow, I would be glad to have it back." And Jesse answered with equal curtness, "Tell Eli his plow is waiting for him in my shed—just as I was told it should."

From that beginning a month ago all manner of dissension and trouble had arisen. The children of both families attended John Comly's school at Pleasant Hill, and to the dismay of the peace-loving schoolmaster, he heard even the little Tates and Powells calling each other such fearful names as 'liar' and 'thief.' To John Comly the query, "Is love and unity maintained amongst you?" was a deep and living concern and he was not satisfied alone to live on good terms with his neighbors, he must help others to do likewise. In vain had he gone

from Jesse Tate to Eli Powell and back again. Both men loved and respected John Comly; but Eli, after listening in silence, had replied firmly, "Thee may talk about love and unity, John, but I'll have naught to do with Jesse Tate or his family till I see him drive in here with my plow." And Jesse had cut John Comly off with, "I'm sorry to grieve thee, Friend, but Eli should know that I'm not trying to steal his tools—and I'll not humor him."

On this glorious spring day it seemed intolerable to John Comly that two neighbors should thus cultivate hatred toward one another. All at once he thought that the Voice of God, which he so often heard, spoke within him. A weight was lifted from his heart. He knew now what to do. Jesse Tate's lane turned off just ahead. He slapped the reins on Frank's back, drove rapidly to Jesse's barn and had unhitched the horse from the buggy when Jesse appeared.

"Good morning, John. What may I do for thee?"

"I have come to haul Eli's plow over to him, Jesse," John Comly replied mildly. "I'm afraid he will want it for corn planting."

"Well, now, I don't know that it's worth while for *thee* to take the trouble, John. Of course, if he really needs it, I could take it over myself."

"Suppose thee steps across with me, Jesse," replied John Comly, "then I'll come back with thee after my buggy."

An hour later, when Eli's hired man hastened up the road to the Powell house in answer to the dinner bell, he met John Comly jogging along behind Frank, and then a little nearer the house, he was startled to see, leaning comfortably on the top rail of the fence, Jesse Tate and Eli Powell, chatting as though they were the best friends in the world. As the man hurried past he heard Eli say, "If I had known what my boy had said to thee, I would have been less hasty. I hope thee can forgive an old friend."

AN INVENTORY

Frances felt very sorry for herself as she sat in Sunday school just one month before Christmas. The superintendent was asking all the children please to bring some of their toys—"even some of those you are very fond of"—to pack into boxes to be sent to poor little children who have nothing to play with. Frances tried hard to think of something she could spare and she roused up at the superintendent's words, but her wonderful round eyes that he gave her a special little smile all for herself as he said, "Maybe you can't remember all your playthings now, and think that if you gave away two or three dolls or animals or books you would have nothing left. Let me tell you what to do. When you go home, sit down and write out a list of all the things you own, and then see if you can spare one-half of them for the little children who have nothing." The superintendent knew that Frances lived in a small house with her mother, who taught school all day, and that probably Frances didn't so many toys as other children. But, perhaps, she could spare just a few.

While Frances was wiping the dishes for her mother after their very little dinner, she told her what the superintendent had said. Now she was going to give away one out of every two of her playthings. "That doesn't seem like much, but then I haven't very much," she added, a little shamefaced.

With a big yellow tablet and a nice red, white and blue pencil, Frances sat down at the little table in her own bedroom next to mother's. First, she started to write everything in sight, the little table and white chair that went with it, the doll's bureau and bed, a swinging hammock on a toy frame that had her best china doll house, a set of small dishes

arranged on another little table. Then her eyes fell on her bookshelves in the corner and she started to write down the titles—"Little Men," "Little Women," "Water Babies"—but this took too long, so she counted them up carefully and was surprised to find forty-eight, some thick, some thin, but all with pictures and greatly treasured. She glanced up at the walls. She had almost forgotten her Mother Goose pictures in gilt frames, and Jack, the Giant Killer, shinnying up the bean-stalk in his scarlet coat; twelve pictures altogether. That must be about all, except her dolls.

She went to the closet to count them: Little Lord Fauntleroy in a knit suit; a big Kewpie with a wide sash; twin unbreakable babies in long clothes; a rag doll with cotton leaking from its neck; old china Sallie with pantalettes, the doll that had belonged to mother when she was little; Irene, of course, her very best child—Frances was amazed to find fifteen of them, not counting the Teddy Bear or the fuzzy dog.

Then she remembered the shelf full of games and paper dolls, and she filled two more sheets of the tablet, carefully copying the names off the lids. There was one box of little china animals—she counted them up. The dolls' clothes occurred to her, and she opened each drawer of the dolls' bureau and counted the little dresses and hats and tiny shoes. She was almost scared at the way the list was growing.

Finally, after filling another sheet with treasures in the big bureau where her clothes were kept, she danced in to mother in the sitting-room, waving the paper and shouting, "I'm through! Now please help me add them up."

"Did you forget the cup and saucer and bowl in the sideboard that grandma gave you when you were sick; or your work-basket on the table" (mother looked around the room), "or those copies of St. Nicholas, or the crayons on my desk——"

SHE OPENED EACH DRAWER OF THE DOLLS' BUREAU

"Stop, mother—please don't go so fast!" cried Frances, writing wildly. Then she walked all around the other rooms and was very quiet for a long time. Finally, she came back to mother and laid eight closely filled sheets of paper on her lap.

"Mother," she asked thoughtfully, "don't the little Belgian and French children have a single thing—not even one doll?"

"No, the homes of many of them have been burned, and they have not a single toy left."

"Well, I have added these up myself," Frances continued, "and I own two hundred and fifty-eight things to play with. I divided ten into that and it goes nearly twenty-six times. I'm going to pick out thirty toys to send in our First-day school box. Wasn't it queer that I thought I had almost nothing! When the superintendent asked us for things, I just remembered that I hadn't a big doll-house like Louisa's, nor a ring like Marion's. Guess I'll send the Belgians one of my twins and the fuzzy dog——" Frances dashed off happily to gather her tenth together.

THE FLOWER THAT LIVES ABOVE THE CLOUDS*

Long ago, long ago when the flowers first woke to life on this dear earth, each chose where it would live as it chose, too, the color of its petals.

"I will cover the ground and make the bare soil gay with green blades," cried the grass.

"I will live in the fields and by roadsides," laughed the daisy.

"I, too," echoed the buttercup, the cornflower, the poppy, and the clover.

"Give me the ponds and the lakes," the water lily called.

"And let us have the streams and the marshes," begged the irises, cowslips, and Jacks-in-the-pulpit.

"We love the shaded, ferny woodland spots," lisped the shy forget-me-nots and wood-violets.

"And we wish to be petted in gardens," declared the rose, the pansies, the sweet williams, the hollyhocks.

"I love the warm dry sun—I will go to the sandy desert," said the cactus. So all places except the bare ridges of high mountains were chosen. To these, no flower wished to go.

"There is not enough food there!" the daisy explained.

"There is not enough warmth! There is not enough food!" all decided. "It is so bare and chilly! Let the gray moss go and cover the rocks," they said.

But the moss was loath to go.

"When one cannot live without moisture, warmth, nourishment—when one must have petting or live in a garden, surely

* From *The Bluebird's Garden*, by Patten Beard. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

the bleak places of the mountains must do without flowers! How foolish it would be to try to make the ragged, bare mountain-tops lovely! Let the gray moss go—he has not yet chosen!"

So the gray moss went up the high mountains because he was told to go. He climbed over the bare rocks beyond the places where forests ceased to grow. All was desolate and silent up there.

Up higher and higher crept the gray moss. It went even above the clouds where the ragged rocks were covered with ice and snow.

There it stopped short in amazement, for it found a quiet star-shaped flower clinging to the crags and blossoming! It was white like the snow around it, and its heart was of soft yellow. So cold was it up there that the little flower had cased its leaves in soft wool to keep warm and living in the bleakness.

"Oh!" cried the gray moss, stopping short. "How came *you* here where there was no warmth, no moisture, no nourishment? It is high above the forests, high above the clouds! I came because I was sent. Who are you?"

Then the little starry flower nodded in the chill wind. "I am the edelweiss," it said. "I came here quietly because there was need of me, that some blossom might brighten these solitudes."

"And didn't they tell you to come?"

"No," said the little flower. "It was because the mountains needed me. There are no flowers up here but me."

The edelweiss is closer to the stars than the daisy, the buttercup, the iris, or the rose. Those who have courage, like it, have found it high above the clouds, where it grows ever gladly. They call it Noble White—that is its name, edelweiss! Love, like the edelweiss, knows not self-sacrifice.

"My friend, I have explained that I must have the horse, and that I will deposit with thee its full value until his safe return within a week's time."

The tall man spoke a trifle wearily, as though he had had almost enough of the argument. It was a hot day on the edge of the great Pennsylvania forest. The dust in front of the Rockville tavern still hung in a cloud where the coach, on its weekly arrival from the distant city, had stirred it a-fresh. The group of farmers, waiting for mail and news of the outside world, had watched with curious eyes this stranger descend from the high seat beside the driver. They had noted the broad-brimmed hat, white stock, carpet bag and closely fitting "store" clothes that marked him as city-bred, and the foreign way he used his hands when he talked. Their natural distrust had melted, however, before the radiant smile of more than ordinary good-will that lighted up the blue eyes and wrinkled the lean face as he strode briskly toward them crying, "The peace of God be with you, my friends! From which of you may I obtain a horse for a journey into the wilderness?"

Several minutes of parley followed between the innkeeper and the stranger, not a word being lost by the eager group of listeners. This man insisted that he must travel for three days straight into the heart of the forest "along a way that would be opened" to him. The innkeeper objected that there was only one trail a horse could travel, and this exceedingly dangerous, with treacherous fords and rocky pitfalls. Did the stranger know that the three-days' trail led only to a lumber camp, and that honest men who valued their lives or their purses did well to avoid this place? Adventurous ex-

plorers had been known to enter the dark forest, never to return. Was the gentleman's business so imperative that he would risk his life?

"It is my Father's business, and the most imperative in the world," answered the stranger calmly. "Should a hundred men beset my path, I should go on unharmed. I have received my instructions from Above and go without fear, for the Spirit upholds me. So, if I may hire a horse of thee——"

At length a wiry little mare was brought out and a dozen hands helped saddle her. The stranger, though urged to remain over night, refused courteously, explaining that he carried food and was accustomed to sleep in the open. As he paid for the mare and was about to ride away, the innkeeper inquired, "What is your name, stranger?"

"Stephen Grellet, of New York, and I go to carry the message of God to those who will listen."

As the little mare and the man climbed the rough path and disappeared into the birches that edged the dark pines, one man remarked, "A Quaker, I know by his speech, and a godly man. But he cannot melt the hearts of those men with his soft tongue."

Stephen Grellet found a single trail winding now along the slippery banks of a rushing stream, now over treacherous moss-covered rocks, skirting steep cliffs, and twice plunging through the river where the mare was forced to swim. During the first afternoon he passed several clearings with little cabins, where children ran out to wave and call to him; but after this he saw no work of human hands except the logs left by receding spring floods along the banks. Though no sounds except those of the forest came to his ears, he moved with a radiance in his eyes and with a smile upon his lips, as though he were listening to the cheery words of a dear companion.

Early in the afternoon of the third day—a breathless day,

when even the birds were voiceless and the low, pulsing drone of insects made the silence seem only more profound—Stephen Grellet found the trail widened into a corduroy road where horses had evidently been used to drag the logs down to the river bank. He noticed a pile of rusty cans and a piece of chain hanging on a branch. Then rounding a huge rock, Stephen suddenly found himself on the edge of a space from which all trees and underbrush had been cleared. Facing him on the far side stood a large three-sided log shed; to the left and right of this shed were several rough, closed cabins, the bark from their slab sides hanging in tatters. A pile of black embers in the center of the space added a last touch of desolation.

Stephen Grellet reined in his mare in great perplexity. The message that had come to him had been very clear, and as was the habit of his life, he had followed the leading of the Spirit in perfect faith. He knew that he was to come to this spot in the heart of the wilderness where a gang of woodcutters, far-famed for their lawlessness, had been operating, and here he was to preach the simple and holy truth of God's presence in the forest. It had not once occurred to him that, as evidently was the case, the lumbermen might have moved on deeper into the forest. He knew without question, however, that this was the place where he must preach. Alighting, he tied his mare to a sapling, leaving her to browse the long wood grass, and made his way to the central cabin where rough tables stood on a slightly raised floor. Mounting this platform, he faced the forest, a strange inner light making his face glow. During his long life he had travelled to the far corners of the earth, defying dangers and discomforts in order to carry the simple assurance of God's love to all people; yet never had he felt more completely the Divine Presence flooding through and around his whole being than when now he stood

SCHOOL OF THEOLO

alone in the deserted camp, surrounded by the mystery of the forest. The afternoon sun, slanting between the brown tree pillars, fell upon a gold-green mass of ferns at his feet, and the fronds quivered, stirred by some tiny wood beast scampering through the stems.

"Oh, God—thou art here—here!" he cried, stretching wide his arms. As if in answer, a low murmur breathed in the tree-tops, swelling nearer, moving the pine needles softly. Then a loud rustle, perhaps of a startled animal behind the cabin, gave Stephen Grellet the sense that all around him were the invisible eyes and ears of the forest folk. To them and to God he spoke aloud, his words, blending the faith and joy of his own soul with the dignity of the pines, the grace of the fern fronds, the vitality of the little scurrying beasts, and over all the softly moving Presence in the wind-stirred branches.

At last, silent, with head bowed, he heard far off the leisurely, bell-like notes of the thrush thrilling through the forest spaces. With infinite peace in his heart he mounted the little mare and rode away, back to Rockville and the world.

* * * * * * *

Six years later Stephen Grellet was in London. He had gone there, as he had gone into the forests of Pennsylvania, guided only by the Spirit. He had gone down into the narrow, filthy streets, where men and women seemed too sodden to understand when he told them of the love of the Father, and he had preached in dark prisons where men looked at him dully when he spoke of the Divine Light. Yet whenever he ceased speaking there were always some who crowded nearer, seeking to know more of this Being who had sent him to show them the way out of their wretchedness.

Late one afternoon, smothered by the stagnant air of the slums, he walked on London Bridge as the setting sun was

throwing a broken red path on the oily water of the Thames. He was very tired, for he threw all his strength into the struggle to show to others the Light that burned in his own soul. As he stood looking at the spires of the vast city against the glow of the evening sky, he prayed for faith and peace. Suddenly the roar of London died in his ears and he heard again the gentle sighing of the pines in the Pennsylvania forest and the clear notes of the thrush. Just as truly God was with him here—

The revery of Stephen Grellet was shattered by someone seizing him roughly by the elbow. He turned quickly to face a broad, muscular man, with rugged face and eyes of piercing eagerness, who cried, in great excitement, as he peered into Stephen Grellet's face, "I have got you at last! I have got you at last!"

Stephen returned the gaze calmly, but could see nothing familiar about the man except that he was certainly an American.

"Friend," he replied, "I think thou art mistaken."

"But I am not—I cannot be! I have carried every line of your face in my memory for six years. How I have longed to see it again!"

"Who, then, art thou, and where dost thou think we have met?" inquired Stephen.

"Did you not preach in the great forest of Pennsylvania, three days' trip from the village of Rockville, six years ago last midsummer?"

"I did, but I saw no one there to listen."

The man held out his hands to Stephen Grellet—strong hands that had known hard toil. "I was there," he replied, his voice full of awe as the memory rose again before him. "I was the head of the woodmen who had deserted those shanties. We had moved on into the forest and were putting up

more cabins to live in, when I discovered that I had left my lever at the old settlement. So, leaving my men at work, I went back alone for my tool. As I approached the old place I heard a voice. Trembling and agitated, I drew near, and saw you through the chinks in the timber walls of our dining shanty. I listened to you, and something in your face or in your words, or both, stirred me as I had never been stirred before. I went back to my men. I was miserable for weeks; I had no Bible, no book of any kind, no one to speak to about divine things.

"At last I found the strength I needed. I obtained a Bible; I told my men the blessed news that God was near us, and we learned together to ask forgiveness and to lead better lives. Three of us became missionaries and went forth to tell thousands of others of the joy and faith you brought into the forest."

THE BOY WHO CHOSE POVERTY *

Far across the sea in beautiful Italy, in a walled city built on a mountain side, lived little Francis Bernadone with his father and mother. His father was one of the richest merchants of the little city of Assisi, and although he seemed a proud, hard man, he loved his little boy dearly. He used to tell him strange, unforgettable tales of brave knights and beautiful ladies, tales he himself had heard when he travelled to the great fair to buy his goods from the merchants of other countries. Francis loved these wonderful stories, and as he listened he longed to become a great man. He would not be a merchant like his father, but a brave knight, riding a splendid black charger.

As Francis grew from boy to man he made friends with some of the greatest and richest men in Assisi, the sons of counts and dukes and princes. Although they were of noble birth and he was only a merchant's son, they liked him because he wore fine clothes and had much money to spend; and besides no one laughed so merrily nor sang so sweetly as he. These lads lived a gay life, I assure you, until the neighbors said their conduct was too bad to be endured. This made Francis's mother, the Lady Pica, very sad, although she, who knew him best, would say with tears in her eyes, "However careless and wild he may be, he has a kind and loving heart."

In those days, more than seven hundred years ago, there were many terrible wars in Italy, and Francis soon had a chance to try his fortune as a soldier. When his friends asked him laughingly, "What is it makes you so merry?"

* Adapted from *God's Troubadour*, by Sophie Jewett. Used by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

he answered proudly, "I know that I am going to be a great prince." So he rode gaily away to the war, while his mother watched him with grave eyes and prayed that her boy might come back safe to her.

Then a great disappointment came to Francis Bernadone. He fell ill on the way, and his gay companions had to ride on to the war without him. As he lay ill, burning with fever and sleepless with pain, a change slowly came over him. Instead of all his old love of a soldier's life and his old desire to become a great prince, a new love and a new desire were born in his heart; a love for all the ragged and hungry and sick and sorrowful people in the world, and a desire to clothe and feed and heal and comfort them all. It seemed to him that he must go everywhere and tell people to love and help each other. For himself, he must give up all his wealth and high position, so that by living in poverty he might truly be a brother to all those who were suffering and wretched. By sharing their life, he would help them to bear their burdens.

When he grew strong again, it took more than a soldier's courage to go back to his father and old friends and tell them of the new life he now wished to lead. His father was terribly angry and would not listen to him or to the Lady Pica, who wished to make peace between them. Francis went to an old friend, the bishop, and told him his troubles. At last there was a strange scene. Before a crowd of people, Francis stripped off the clothes he wore and laid them, with the little money he had, at the bishop's feet, and this is what he said, "Listen, all of you, and understand. Now I must serve God. I give back to my earthly father all my money and my clothing and everything which I have had from him, and from this time forth I shall say only, 'Our Father Who art in heaven.' "

We must remember that Francis longed to be at peace with his father, but he heard quite plainly a voice telling him

that he must henceforth give up his gay and easy life, and take care of the sick and the hungry.

Slowly the love, the gentleness and the sweetness of Francis's life as he lived and worked among the poor, drew others to live with him, and serve as he did. These men he called his brothers, for were they not all children of the same Heavenly Father? Some of them, like Francis, had left homes of wealth and ease, but now they went all alike about the streets, barefooted and bareheaded, clad in dust-colored robes with a rope around the waist, helping the sick and the unhappy. No work was too hard or too humble for them, and the people of Assisi loved them. Their hearts rejoiced to serve God so, and never did they regret the life of riches left behind, Francis and his brothers, "the Little Poor Men of God."

THE SACRED FLAME *

Long, long ago, in the days of brave knights and lovely ladies, men fought on horseback with sword and lance, and adventure seemed the business of life. In those far days, inspired by the teaching and preaching of earnest monks, was begun that wonderful series of pilgrimages to the Holy City of Jerusalem, called the Crusades.

Many brave knights travelled the weary miles with their trains of trusty followers. They forded deep rivers, climbed great mountains, and crossed the burning desert sands to rescue from the infidel Turks the tomb of Jesus.

But it was a cruel age and many of the knights were cruel, self-seeking men who pillaged, burned, and killed even while bent on so high an errand.

In one of the great churches of the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy, were gathered on a spring evening a company of knights, brave men all. They were clad in shining armor, with clanking swords and bright pennants, and had come for the blessing and benediction of the priests before starting on their crusade on the morrow. Among this company was Raniero de Raniero, a gallant figure and one whose beauty and fine bearing all must admire, but whose heart was cruel and selfish. He was feared and hated by those nearest him and he thought only of his own advancement and gain. Even his beautiful wife Francesca was perhaps secretly glad to see him start on this journey, for to her he was not loving, but heartless and unkind.

Raniero knelt before the altar and vowed, not a secret vow

* Adapted from "Christ Legends," by Selma Lagerlöf. Used by permission of Henry Holt & Company.

in his heart, but so that all men might know and admire, to bring back to Florence from Jerusalem the most precious thing that he should find.

The Turks were rich in gold and jewels, and to the minds of all present came a picture of the glittering treasure which Raniero would bring to their church.

So on the morrow they started, amid the acclaim and applause of the citizens, and none rode his horse so straight or held his head so high as Raniero de Raniero. The way was long and hard, and many and bitter were the battles fought before even the land of Palestine was reached, but in all Raniero kept in the forefront of the fight and proved himself an intrepid warrior.

When at last they reached Jerusalem and laid siege to the city, Raniero was second only to Godfrey of Boulogne, the leader, in deeds of prowess. On the night following their triumphant entry, all the proud knights, dressed in the long dark robes of penitents and with bare feet, marched through the silent city streets to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, each carrying an unlighted candle in his hand.

To Raniero, as a reward for his prowess, had been given the privilege of being first to light his taper from the flame that burned before the sacred tomb of Christ. There was no clank of armor, only the soft footfalls of this company of knights—penitant in garb but, oh! so many proud and hard of heart—and Raniero, at their head, pacing up the dark aisle toward the sacred flame.

Suddenly to Raniero all the light of the world seemed to glow within that point of light, and he felt himself moving toward it through endless darkness and desiring it more than he had ever wanted anything before; and as he knelt and reached his little taper toward the flame he felt that he was about to achieve the most precious thing in the world. In the

hush of that strange service came to Raniero the conviction that this was the gift which he had vowed to carry back to Florence.

In the morning Raniero announced to his followers that he was about to start for home and bear his sacred gift.

Loud and long they laughed! Why, the booty captured from the Turks was still to be divided—turn their backs on that? No, indeed! There was still gallant adventure and much of pleasure. If he would start on such a fool's errand he must go alone! To carry a lighted candle from Jerusalem to Florence was an impossible feat, even without the dangers and hardships of the way.

Raniero heeded neither their jeers and laughter nor their advice and warning. The next morning, clad in armor, over which he had thrown a heavy cloak, with sword and battle-axe, and a great bundle of extra tapers to feed his flame, he started on the homeward pilgrimage with the burning candle in his hand.

He called a gay farewell to the amazed group gathered to watch his departure and galloped off. Very quickly he realized that he could not go very swiftly—the little light wavered and he must need draw his horse to a walk that it might flare up again. "How strange," he said, "that this light when almost gone, will shine again in the stillness!"

One day when passing through a wild and lonely defile, he saw before him a company of rough men, clearly one of the robber bands with which the lawless country was infested. They were few and poorly armed and his first thought was to gallop through them, striking right and left with his huge sword, but no—the little light was far too frail for such a venture, and proud Raniero rode slowly into the midst of the robber band and said, "Friends, take what you will, but do not harm my light."

Amazed, they followed his suggestion and took horse, money, armor, sword—naught was left him but the heavy coat and the burning taper. On leaving, the leader of the band, touched perhaps by his sad plight, called, "Take my horse, 'tis fast enough to carry a candle!"—and with mocking laughs they rode away.

So Raniero on the raw-boned old steed travelled the weary miles—resting when the wind was fresh and pressing on when the sun burned clear—for so the light throve best. Raniero, who always had thought first of his own comfort, now gauged his actions by the little twinkling flame.

Once on a lonely mountain path a woman ran from a little cottage calling, "Stranger, give me, I pray you, a light from your candle! My fire has gone out and I can bake no bread for my children."

"No, no," said Raniero, "the light I carry is too sacred for common use. I cannot give you."

But the woman pled with him, saying, "The light I would guard is my children's lives—it will not lessen your flame to give to me."

So Raniero listened to her pleading and lighted her lamp and it seemed to him that his flame burned more brightly.

In the night on the mountains came suddenly a terrible storm of wind, and rain and hail. Though Raniero struggled valiantly and was himself soaked by the rain and bruised and buffeted by wind and hail, the little flame went out! Utterly discouraged he sank upon the wet ground, incentive gone, a hopeless blank before him. Suddenly he sprang up, "The woman's light is the sacred flame!" he cried. "By giving I have saved it!" and he started at once in the dark and went down the mountain path to the cottage.

When he reached the little cottage, he saw the flicker of fire on the hearth, and he knew that it was the sacred

flame which he had given the mother only a few hours before.

In the morning sun he started on again. The light burned brightly, the way seemed green and pleasant and the little birds sang.

Soon he met a party of knights who, seeing him guarding so carefully a lighted candle, called, "A mad man! surely a mad man!"

But their leader, one Robert Taillifer, bid them be silent and asked, "Have you travelled far so, my friend?"

"All the way from Jerusalem," answered Raniero.

"And how often has the light gone out?" he asked.

And Raniero answered, "Still burns the flame with which I rode from the Holy City."

Then Robert Taillifer bowed his head.

"I, too, am one who guards a sacred flame," he said. "Tell me, I beg thee, thou who hast kept thy light burning so long—what must I do to keep mine shining always?"

"Master, it is a difficult task, though it seemed so easy at first. This must thou do to keep the flame—thou must mind the light continually."

And Robert Taillifer smiled and answered, "What thou hast done for thy sacred flame I may do for mine!"

As Raniero de Raniero rode nearer and nearer to home his thoughts went back to Palestine and to his comrades fighting there, but he felt no thrill at the thought of many trophies or the call to arms. The quiet of the Italian hills and the golden sunshine filled him with a mighty peace as he looked at his candle burning brightly. "Surely this light hath recreated me!" he said.

As he came to the outskirts of Florence the inhabitants marvelled at the handsome, weather-beaten man on the gaunt, old horse. He was ragged and tattered and carried a lighted candle. A crowd followed him, growing larger, as crowds will,

and from laughter and wonder, changing to jeers, threats, and open hostility.

"Put out his light! Put out his light!" called the people, throwing stones and reaching for the candle. Raniero, desperate, struggled on. Would no one recognize the gallant knight who had ridden forth so bravely from these same streets? He held the light high, searching the jeering faces before him for some understanding response.

Suddenly from a balcony above him a woman leaned over and snatched the burning candle, and the crowd, shrieking with laughter, hooted afresh.

Poor Raniero swayed in his saddle and fell to the street unconscious. The cruel crowd surged away in search of further excitement and the old horse stood in the deserted street by the side of the ragged man.

As Raniero wearily opened his eyes he saw, bending over him, his wife, Francesca, who of all the multitude had recognized him.

"I took the light," she said; "I am guarding it." So understanding love had once again saved the flame.

Together they took the candle to the church and Raniero recounted to the priest the tale of his long pilgrimage and had the joy of placing on the altar the little light he had grown so much to love.

After the service the priest said to the gathered people:

"This is the flame, taken from the sacred tomb of our Lord in Jerusalem, which Raniero de Raniero has carried all the long miles to Florence. The most precious thing he found!"

And the people remembering the proud and cruel Raniero doubted and could not believe.

"How do we know?" they asked.

The priest beckoned to Raniero, who stepped forward and took from the altar the light he had tended so long. His

whole being focussed in its brightness, he felt that the people must believe in his gift, that it could not be possible they should doubt so mighty a certainty, and as he stood before them, holding the precious flame, a wonderful thing happened.

In his face came a radiant light, reflecting and increasing the little light he held, till the dim chancel grew luminous, and the people fell upon their knees, exclaiming, "It is the Light! It is the Light! He carries it in his face!"

And the priest with bowed head said, "God grant we may keep the Sacred Flame burning in Florence!"

HISTORICAL NOTES

THE WHITE FEATHER. Retold from "Christian Non-Resistance," by Adin Ballou. Also told in "The Arm of God," Dunkerley. The names and the children are imaginary, but the essential details are all true.

ADVERTISING FOR A THIEF. The setting is imaginary. The story proper is retold from "Social Hours With Friends," by Mary S. Wood. The main events are true.

IN THE STREETS OF JERICHO. *Cf.* Luke xix.

THE LONG TRAIL. Based on a news dispatch of a dog who actually made this journey.

THE INVINCIBLE LEADER. The outline of this story is told in "Letters to the Boston *Courier*" by Lydia Maria Child, and retold in "Christian Non-Resistance" by Adin Ballou and in "The Arm of God" by Dunkerley. The setting is imaginary but the principal events are true.

AN EARLY CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. *Cf.* Daniel I.

THE STORY OF A LETTER. The original letter is now in the hands of the writer of this story, Louella Passmore Hayes.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND GEORGE FOX. This incident is retold from George Fox's Journal, R. M. Jones edition, p. 212–214.

OUR WORD IS OUR KEEPER. Retold from Thomas Ellwood's Journal.

TRADING HORSES. The incident related is true although the setting and exact discourse are imaginary.

THE LAST BATTLE. Told very much as related by the late Joseph Jefferson.

THE MEETING THAT WOULD NOT BREAK UP. All the details of this story are authentic.

MAISIE'S FIRST MEETING. Retold and amplified from the true story of a little English girl published in *The Friend*, Phila.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER. Suggested by the story of Christopher Dock.

THE HIGHWAYMAN. A true incident in an imaginary setting. Retold from "Social Hours With Friends" by Mary S. Wood.

THE QUIET VOICE. Retold from John Woolman's Journal, Chapter I.

DADDY JOHN'S DEBT. A true incident. The names of the characters and the setting are fictitious.

HISTORICAL NOTES

THE SILVER TANKARD. The main incidents of this story are true and were printed in an early volume of the *Friends' Intelligencer.*

A COURAGEOUS VISITOR. The outline of this story is found in "The Life of Samuel J. Levick." He was thirty years old when this incident took place.

THE HUNGER FOR HAPPINESS. Retold from "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" by her husband, George Herbert Palmer.

THE LATCH STRING. All of the important events are true. Names of characters are fictitious.

THE PRODIGAL WIFE. *Cf.* Hosea.

MIND THE LIGHT. True in all the important details. The name of the hero and the place of the meeting are fictitious.

THE FOUR SOUS. A true story told by members of the Friends' Reconstruction Unit in France.

THE SILENT MEETING. A true story retold from Jane Johnson's "Early Impressions." Jacob Ritter later joined Friends' Meeting by convincement and became a prominent minister.

MARY PROUDE. Mary Proude was the mother of Gulielma Springett who was the wife of William Penn. She was the only child of Sir John Proude and was born on his large country place in Kent County, England about 1624. This incident occurred when she was about nine years old.

THE RESCUE. The essential details of this story are true and can be found in "Isaac T. Hopper, A True Life," by L. Maria Child.

A RIDE TOWARD WAR PAINT. A true story told from a number of sources. The name of Caleb Pusey is authentic. The other names are fictitious.

THE PLOW. Based on an anecdote told in John Comly's Journal. The names of Jesse Tate and Eli Powell, and minor details are imaginary.

THE SERMON IN THE WILDERNESS. The outline of this story is given in "Stephen Grellet, Ambassador for Christ" by William Kilching. Published for the Friends Tract Association, 1907.

THE BOY WHO CHOSE POVERTY. A true story of St. Francis of Assisi.

LIST OF STORIES ILLUSTRATING FRIENDS' PRINCIPLES

(Outline Based on the "Book of Discipline")

KEY TO LETTERS

P For Primary Children (approximately under 9 years)
F Stories About Friends
N New Years
E Easter
T Thanksgiving
C Christmas

I. KNOWING GOD

1. The Inner Voice

F Mind the Light
P F The Quiet Voice
The Sacred Flame

FURTHER READING

P What Told Me, by Theodore Parker in *The Little Child at the Breakfast Table*, William C. Gannett.
Rodolph and His King in *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, Eugene Field.
F How Stephen Grellet Obeyed the Inward Voice, p. 506, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F The Saddest Story of All (James Nayler) *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F How a French Noble Became a Friend, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
P Dust Under the Rug, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
P The Wind's Work, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
P The Little Girl with the Light, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
P The Broken Window Pane, *More Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
P The Burning Bush, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P Abraham's Generosity to Lot, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Still Small Voice, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Childhood of Samuel, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Man of God, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P How Samuel Met David, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P Josiah the King, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Call of Isaiah, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

T P The Pastor of the Pilgrims. *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P On the Road to Damascus, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Story of Jacob's Dream at Bethel, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

Exodus 3 : 1–6.
I Samuel 3 : 1–18.
I Kings 19 : 1–14.
Isaiah 6.
Mathew 4 : 1–11.

2. God is Love

The Prodigal Wife.

FURTHER READING

P The Vision of Sir Launfal, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

C P Where Love Is, There God Is Also, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Prodigal Son, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Story of Jacob's Dream at Bethel, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Stony Head, *Story-Tell Lib*, Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Psalm 23.
Ezekiel 34 : 11–16.
John 10 : 7–16.
Luke 15 : 3–7.
Luke 15 : 8–10.
Luke 15 : 11–32.

3. Christ Our Guide

P In the Streets of Jericho
The Chiseled Face
The Invincible Leader

FURTHER READING

P Jesus, the Carpenter, Catherine C. Liddell, *Poems Every Child Should Know*, Edited by Mary E. Burt.
In His Name, Edward Everett Hale.
Paton's Great Victory on Aniwa, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

Matthew 5 : 3–12.
John 1 : 35–51.
John 13 : 1–17.

4. The Power of Spiritual Forces

P The Little Cowherd Brother
The Invincible Leader
P F The White Feather

FURTHER READING

F George Fox and His Jailer, p. 123, *George Fox. An Autobiography*, edited by Rufus M. Jones.
F George Fox and His Gaoler, pp. 87, 88, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Also p. 24, *The Story of Quakerism*, Elizabeth B. Emmott.
F George Fox the First of the Quakers, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
How John Williams Prevented a War in Samoa, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
Wesley, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
Theodore Pennell, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

Daniel 6.
Proverbs 18 : 10.
Matthew 8 : 14–17.
Mark 5 : 21–43.
Acts 3 : 1–16.
John 4 : 46–54.
John 5 : 1–9.

5. Faith

F A Ride Toward War Paint
P How Ivan Overcame the Giant
P F The Silver Tankard
P F The White Feather

FURTHER READING

The Olive Tree, Sabine Baring-Gould, *Golden Numbers,* Smith & Wiggin.
F The Marvellous Voyage of the Good Ship Woodhouse, *Quaker Saints,* L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Deliverance of Some Shipwrecked Quakers, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
F Faithfulness of Some of Penn's Followers, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
F Indians' Respect for True Faith, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
The Faith of an African Chief, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
David Livingstone, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
P The Sick Man of Capernaum, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.
P How Peter Was Set Free, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Peace of St. Cuthbert, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.

Genesis 12 : 1–9.
Psalm 125.
Matthew 6 : 25–34.
Matthew 8 : 5–13.
Matthew 15 : 21–28.

6. Immortality

E P Not Lost But Gone Before

FURTHER READING

E P A Lesson of Faith, *Parables From Nature,* Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Also in *In the Child's World,* Emilie Poulsson.
E P The Boy Who Discovered the Spring, *Why the Chimes Rang,* Raymond McD. Alden.
E P The Boy That Was Scaret o' Dyin', *Story-Tell Lib,* Annie Trumbull Slosson.

John 14 : 1–6.

LIST OF STORIES

7. Prayer

P F Mary Proude
P Stewart's A B C's
P The Lost Children
The Old Schoolmaster
The Last Battle

FURTHER READING

F How Stephen Grellet Learned to Pray, p. 493, 494, *Quaker Saints* L. Violet Hodgkin.
P Thine Inner Chamber, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Pharisee and the Publican, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.
P Heidi's Prayer, pp. 143 and 149, *Heidi,* Johanna Spyri (small edition).
P *Little Curly Head, the Pet Lamb,* Johanna Spyri.
F A Mother's Influence, p. 103, *A Boy's Religion,* Rufus M. Jones.

Matthew 6 : 5–15.
Mark 1 : 35–39.
Luke 18 : 1–8.
Luke 18 : 9–14.
I Kings 8 : 22–30.

8. Worship

P F Maisie's First Meeting
F The Meeting That Would Not Break Up
F A Silent Meeting

FURTHER READING

F The Meeting, John G. Whittier.
F The Children of Reading Meeting, *Quaker Saints,* L. Violet Hodgkin.
F An Undisturbed Meeting, *Quaker Saints,* L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Colonel Clibborn, *Arm of God,* Dunkerley.
F Silence in Meeting, p. 76, *A Boy's Religion,* Rufus M. Jones.

Psalm 86.
Psalm 138.
Psalm 95 : 1–7.
Psalm 100.
Psalm 103.

9. Free Gospel Ministry

F The Sermon in the Wilderness
F Mind the Light

FURTHER READING

F Preaching to Nobody, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F John Woolman's Call to the Ministry, p. 185, *The Story of Quakerism*, Elizabeth B. Emmott.

Ezekiel 2 : 1–7.
Jeremiah 1 : 4–10.
Amos 7 : 10–17.
Acts 4 : 1–31.

10. Frequent Reverent Reading of the Bible

REFERENCE

John Ruskin's Appreciation of the Bible, p. 35–37, *Præteria*, Ruskin.
F Rufus Jones's Appreciation of the Bible, p. 42, *A Boy's Religion*, Rufus M. Jones.

Deuteronomy 6 : 4–9.
Deuteronomy 11 : 18–21.
Psalm 119 : 97–104.
II Timothy 3 : 14–17.

II. WALKING CLOSE WITH GOD

1. The Sacrificial Life

P The Flower That Lives Above the Clouds
The Boy Who Chose Poverty
The Chiseled Face
The Sacred Flame

FURTHER READING

P The Burning Bush, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Burden of St. Christopher, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P How Ruth Helped Naomi, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Flax, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
E P How Jesus Gave Himself, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Widow's Mite, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
E P The Last Supper, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Rose of Hungary, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

Genesis 22 : 1–18.
Selections from Story of Joseph, Genesis 37–50.
Matthew 13 : 44–46.
John 12 : 20–33.

2. Publishing the Truth

F The Sermon in the Wilderness
P Publishing the Truth
F Mind the Light

FURTHER READING

F The People in White Raiment, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Scattering the Seed, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Silver Slippers: or a Quakeress Among the Turks, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
T P The Pastor of the Pilgrims, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Story of Stephen, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
Influence of Moravian Missionaries in America, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
St. Francis of Assisi, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
F William Penn and the Tsar of Russia, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.

Acts 4 : 1–22.
Acts 8.
Paul's Journeys, Acts 9–28.

3. Service

T P The Queer Little Baker Man
P What Bradley Owed
C P The Christmas Council of the Winter Folk
P F The Four Sous
P The White Pebble

FURTHER READING

P The Bird's Christmas, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson.
P The Burden of St. Christopher, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Flax, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P Hiawatha's Sailing, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Healing of the Cripple at the Gate Beautiful, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Seed, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Little Maid of Naaman the Syrian, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P Our Lady's Tumbler, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
Pioneer Work in the South Seas, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
P The Little Gray Pony, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
P The Search for a Good Child, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.
The Mansion, Henry Van Dyke.
C P Why the Chimes Rang, *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, Raymond McD. Alden.
P The Bag of Smiles, *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, Raymond McD. Alden.
C P In the Great Walled Country, *Why the Chimes Rang*, Raymond McD. Alden.
The Burning of the Rice Fields, *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sarah Cone Bryant.
The King of the Golden River, adapted from John Ruskin, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn S. Bailey.
Also in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
The Happy Prince, Oscar Wilde.
Also adapted from Oscar Wilde, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn S. Bailey.

Matthew 25 : 14–30.
Matthew 25 : 31–46.
Luke 10 : 25–37.

4. Religion in Daily Life

The Hunger for Happiness

FURTHER READING

The Vision of Sir Launfal, James Russell Lowell.

N P The Fairy's New Year Gift, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson.

P The Hidden Servants, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

P The Box of Ointment, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

C P Where Love Is There God Is Also, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P Josiah the King, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Legend Beautiful, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

Matthew 25 : 1–13.
Matthew 21 : 28–32.

5. Truth and Sincerity of Speech

F Our Word Is Our Keeper

P Billy's Accuser

FURTHER READING

P The Honest Woodman, *Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories.*

P The Merchants and the Golden Bowl, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Boy Who Cried "Wolf!" *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

P The Broken Window Pane, *More Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.

P The Foolish Rabbit, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P *Little Curly Head, the Pet Lamb*, Johanna Spyri.

Proverbs 8 : 1–21.
Proverbs 12 : 13–34.

6. Power of Personality

F A Courageous Visitor
The Old Schoolmaster
F George Fox and Oliver Cromwell

FURTHER READING

P The Bitter Waters of the Wilderness, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
F American Soldiers in the Civil War, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
John Haensel and the Malays, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
F The Great Trial, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.

Mark 1 : 21–28.
Luke 4 : 16–30.
Luke 4 : 31–37.
Acts 20 : 6–12.
Acts 20 : 17–38.
Acts 27.

7. Self Control (Including Intoxicants and Narcotics)

The Last Battle
The Silver Mine

FURTHER READING

F The Saddest Story of All (James Nayler), *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
Taming the Tiger, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
P The Foolish Rabbit, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
The Girl Missionary in Kentucky, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
P My Kingdom, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
P The King and the Hawk, *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin.
F The Indians' Appreciation, p. 101, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.

Proverbs 16 : 32.
Luke 23 : 1-43.
Acts 28.

8. Steadfastness to Conviction

An Early Conscientious Objector

P The Long Trail

P The Water Barrel

FURTHER READING

F Barclay of Ury, John G. Whittier.

P The Little Shepherd, *More Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.

F The Boston Martyrs, p. 64, *The Story of Quakerism*, Elizabeth B. Emmott.

P Wellington and the Plowboy, Mary McSkimmon, *A Course in Citizenship*, Ella Lyman Cabot.

F Irish Rebellion, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

F The Sailor Who Would Not Fight, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

F Trial of William Penn, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

P The Little Hero of Haarlem, *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

P The Little Hero of Holland, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

F Stiff as a Tree, Pure as a Bell, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

F The Children of Reading Meeting, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

F An Undisturbed Meeting, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

F Richard Sellar and the "Merciful Man," *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

F On the Road to Jerusalem, p. 433, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

F Silver Slippers or a Quakeress Among the Turks, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.

P The Knights of the Silver Shield, *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, Raymond McD. Alden.

F The King's Missive, John G. Whittier.

F Also retold p. 74, *The Story of Quakerism*, Elizabeth B. Emmott.

P The Windows Which Were Open Toward Jerusalem, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P John the Baptist, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Pastor of the Pilgrims, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Story of Stephen, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Building of the Dome of Florence, *Children of the Father,* Frances M. Dadmun.

Nehemiah 2 : 11–20,
Jeremiah 26 :8–19.
Daniel 1.
Daniel 3 : 13–30.
Matthew 7 : 24–27.
Acts 21 : 8, 14.

9. Stewardship

A. MODERATION AND SIMPLICITY

C P An Inventory

C P Resourceful Santa Claus

P The White Pebble

FURTHER READING

The Young King, *The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales,* Oscar Wilde.

P The Magic Shirt, *Manual of Stories,* William Byron Forbush.

F John Woolman's *Journal.*

F John Woolman, p. 193, *The Story of Quakerism,* Elizabeth B. Emmott.

Proverbs 15 : 16–17.
Luke 14 : 7–11.

B. INDUSTRY AND THRIFT

P The Wasted Oak Leaf

P The Mud Wasp

FURTHER READING

Little Daffydowndilly, Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Also reprinted in *Stories Children Need,* Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

Timothy's Shoes, Lob Lie by the Fire, Julia Horatia Ewing.

P The Castle of Fortune, *Stories to Tell to Children,* Sara Cone Bryant.

P Little Servants, by Sidney Dayre, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson.

P How Nice it Would Be, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

P Children of the Day, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Parable of the Talents, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Ten Fairies, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

Proverbs 24 : 30–34.
Proverbs 27 : 23–27.
Proverbs 6 : 6–11.
Luke 16 : 1–9.

C. AGAINST FRIVOLITY AND LIGHTNESS

P The Flower That Jack Did Not Count

P F The True Story of a Letter

FURTHER READING

P The Little Brown Bowl, *For the Children's Hour*, Carolyn S. Bailey and Clara M. Lewis.

P A Handful of Clay, *The Blue Flower*, Henry Van Dyke.

Daniel 5

D. AGAINST INORDINATE DESIRE FOR RICHES

P The Golden Purse and the Seeing Eyes

The Silver Mine

P Wise Rightly, Wisest Wrongly

FURTHER READING

P The Bell of Atri, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn S. Bailey.

P The Fisherman and His Wife, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn S. Bailey.

P The Golden Touch, *The Wonder Book*, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

P The Golden Touch. Ad. from Hawthorne, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

P The King's Ankus, *Second Jungle Book*, Rudyard Kipling.

P The Merchants and the Golden Bowl, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

Mark 10 : 17–27
Luke 12 : 13–21.

10. Home

P Grandmothers
P F The Story of a Letter
P A Disobedient Dicky Bird
P The Obedient Kid

FURTHER READING

P Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World, Thornton Burgess, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.
P The Golden Windows, *The Golden Windows*, Laura E. Richards.
P About Angels, *The Golden Windows*, Laura E. Richards.
P The Story of Speckle, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson.
P Mr. Stickleback, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson.
Cornelia's Jewels, *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin.
Also in *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, Frances Jenkins Olcott.
P Raggylug, Ernest Thompson Seton, *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
P The Minstrel Song, *Mother Tales*, Maud Lindsay.
Old Pipes and the Driad, *Fanciful Tales*, Frank Stockton.
P How Ruth Helped Naomi, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P Dama's Jewels, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
The Serpent, *The Silver Crown*, Laura E. Richards.
P The Hunt for the Beautiful, *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, Raymond McD. Alden.
P How the Home Was Built, *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay.

Genesis 44 : 18–34.
Ruth 1 : 8–18.
Ruth 2.
Proverbs 20 : 20.

11. Manner of Living

The Sacred Flame

FURTHER READING

P The Gradual Fairy, Alice Brown, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.
P The Gourd and the Pine Tree, *For the Children's Hour*, Carolyn S. Bailey and Clara M. Lewis.

P The Courtesy of Rebekah, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Miraculous Pitcher, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Box of Ointment, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Nail, *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, Frances Jenkins Olcott.
The Last Lesson, *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
P The Fairy's New Year Gift, *In the Child's World*, Emilie Poulsson. Also in *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, Frances Jenkins Olcott.
P The Horse that B'leeved He'd Get There, *Story-Tell Lib*, Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Matthew 18 : 1–6.
Matthew 19 : 13–15.
Mark 4 : 30–32.
Matthew 22 : 34–39.
Luke 13 : 20, 21.

12. Square Dealing in Business

Trading Horses
Daddy John

FURTHER READING

P The Merchants and the Golden Bowl, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Piper, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
A Confidential Agreement, p. 88, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.

Genesis 23
Ruth 4 : 1–2.
Luke 16 : 10–13.

III. LOVING OUR NEIGHBORS

1. Human Equality

P In the Streets of Jericho

FURTHER READING

King Robert of Sicily, *Tales of a Waysiae Inn*, Henry W. Longfellow.

The Young King, *The Happy Prince*, Oscar Wilde.
Robert of Sicily, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
P The Party and the Guests, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P How Gareth Became a Knight, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P King Canute, *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin.

Matthew 5 : 43–48.
Luke 10 : 25–37.
Acts 10

2. Colored People

P The Token
F The Rescue
P The Mistake

FURTHER READING

P *Hazel*, Mary White Ovington.
F The Underground Railroad, p. 187, *In My Youth*, Robert Dudley.
Up From Slavery, Booker T. Washington.

3. Indians

F A Ride Toward War Paint
P F The White Feather
F The Latch String

FURTHER READING

F Fierce Feathers, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F The Indians' Appreciation, p. 101, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.
F A Confidential Agreement, p. 88, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.
F The Heroic Enterprise, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.
F An Incident During the American Revolution, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

4. Criminals

F Advertising for a Thief
F The Highwayman

FURTHER READING

P The Silver Candlesticks, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.

F The Thief in the Tanyard, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin: A Murderer Sheltered and Saved, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

5. Unity and Tolerance

F The Plow

P The Smithy

FURTHER READING

P The Ten Fairies, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

P Abigail and David, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Bitter Waters of the Wilderness, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P Neglect the Fire and You Cannot Put it Out, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P The Quails, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.

P Also, *Course in Citizenship*, Ella Lyman Cabot.

P Also, *Ethics for Children*, Mary H. Wade.

Genesis 13 : 5–18.
Psalm 133.

6. Against Talebearing and Detraction

P Scattered Seeds

P The Three Sieves

P Eavesdropper, The Ugly Dwarf

FURTHER READING

P The Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors, Jean Ingelow, *Stories Children Need*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

The Sermon, *The Silver Crown*, Laura, E. Richards.

The Blind Child, *The Silver Crown*, Laura E. Richards.

The Jealous Courtiers, *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.

Proverbs 24 : 28, 29.
Proverbs 25 : 24.
Proverbs 26 : 4.

7. Peace and Super-resistance

Swords and Plowshares
The Invincible Leader
F A Ride Toward War Paint
P F The White Feather
P F The Silver Tankard
P Tommy's Birthday
P How Ivan Overcame the Giant

FURTHER READING

Who Killed the Otter's Babies? *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant.
The Three Robbers, *God's Toubadour*, Sophie Jewett.
Taming the Tiger, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Fierce Feathers, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F Leonard Fell and the Highwayman, p. 429, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
F On the Road to Jerusalem, p. 433, *Quaker Saints*, L. Violet Hodgkin.
Christian Non-Resistance, Adin Ballou.
A Spark Neglected Burns the House, *Twenty-three Tales*, Translated by L. and A. Maude.
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Little Girls Wiser Than Men, *Twenty-three Tales*, translated by L. and A. Maude.
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P Elisha and the Syrian Host, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P David and Saul, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P St. Francis and the Wolf, *Living Together*, Frances M. Dadmun.
P The Peace Pipe, *Children of the Father*, Frances M. Dadmun.
Christ of the Andes, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
The Story of the Christ of the Andes, Anna P. Hannum. (Leaflet.)
Quakers During the Irish Rebellion, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
Incident During the American Revolution, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.

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An Incident in the Reformation, *Arm of God*, Dunkerley.
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Also p. 147, *The History of Quakerism*, Elizabeth B. Emmott.
The Heroic Enterprise, *An Admiral's Son*, E. F. O'Brien.

Isaiah 2 : 2–4.
Mark 2 : 15–28.
Mark 3 : 1–6.
Matthew 5 : 21–48.

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